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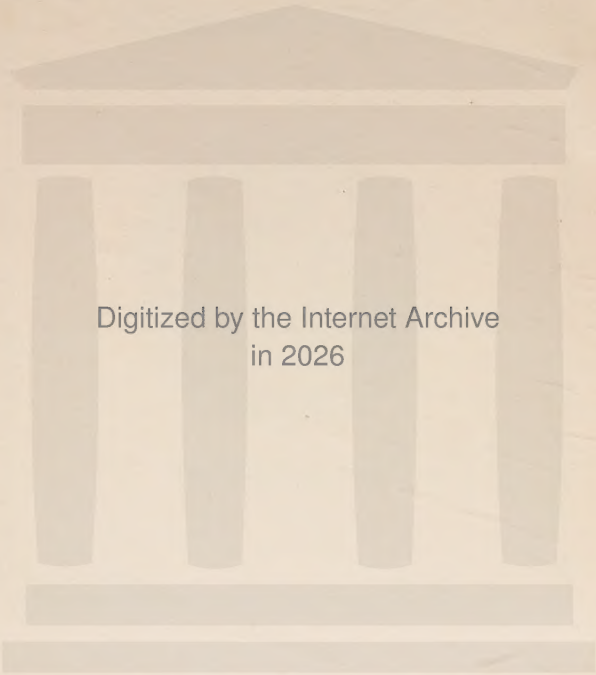

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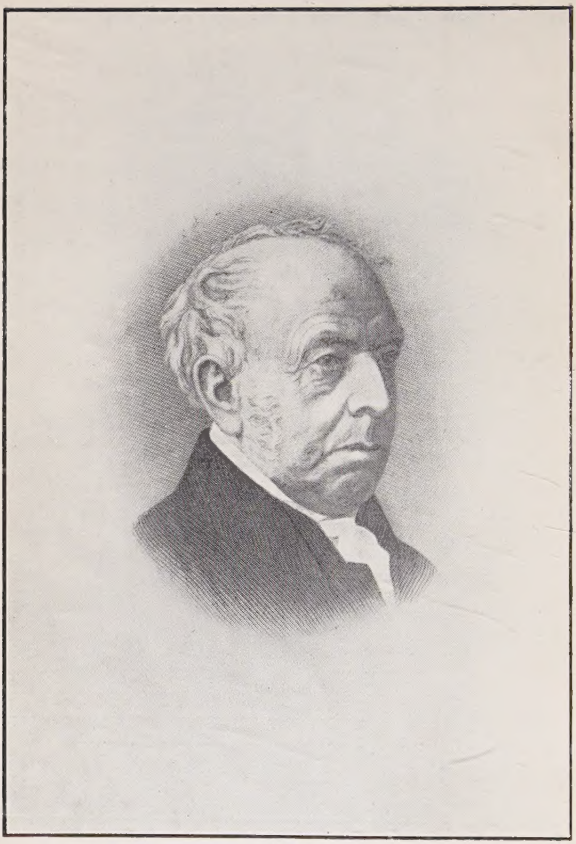
Some Archbishops of Dublin



ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

From the Author

To E. Knowlden. 8/12/28

SOME ARCHBISHOPS OF DUBLIN

BY

T. S. LINDSAY, B.D.,

Sometime Archdeacon of Dublin

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Some Archbishops of Dublin

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY

SINCE the year 1040, when the See of Dublin was founded by the Danes, there have been four Bishops and fifty-three Archbishops. It is not the most ancient of the Irish Sees, nor has it the longest line of Bishops. But it is unique in two respects. It alone can fix the exact date on which all its prelates began their rule. And it claims, and is allowed, the Primacy of Ireland. The Archbishop of Dublin is styled "Primate of Ireland." One might imagine that this settled the question as to which Diocese should take precedence. But no, for the Archbishop of Armagh is styled "Primate of All Ireland" and so enjoys the first place, and Dublin has to be content with the second. It may be imagined that Dublin did not concede this without a struggle. The quarrel began in Danish times. Dublin, since the foundation of the See, had been subject to Canterbury, and therefore was under the Pope, while Armagh, a more ancient Diocese, held out until 1172, when the subjection of Ireland to the Papal obedience was ratified at the Synod of Cashel after the Norman invaders possessed the land. But the rivalry continued, sometimes fierce and bitter, all through the period of Papal supre-

macy, with appeals from time to time to the English King and to the Pope, and indeed after that until the end of the 18th century, when an exhaustive enquiry by a Roman Catholic Bishop settled the question, and since that time Dublin has quietly submitted to the claims of Armagh.

Of some of the Archbishops of Dublin we know nothing beyond their names and dates, of many others very little. But some were men of distinction who wielded great and beneficent power in their day, and left their mark upon the city and the Diocese. The last occupants of the See have all been, in different ways, great and good men who ruled their clergy with wisdom and success, and set the example of diligence, of sanctity and of learning that a chief shepherd is bound to show.

The first of these that I remember was Whately. I did not know him personally, I was but a child when he died; but I heard much of him, and I have read many of his letters written to a relation of mine by marriage, Mrs. Hill, who was one of his most intimate and trusted friends. He wrote to her constantly, and she helped him in the composition of some of his books by her quick wits and range of knowledge. No one now reads these books; all are out of print, but in his lifetime they had a wide circulation and they exercised a deep influence on that generation. Books, of course, give only their authors' best, and if we were to judge Shakespeare, Milton or Pope by their published works we should have but a one-

sided view of their characters. And so Whately's books do not reflect his foibles or faults, but they represent to the full his great powers, his sound scholarship, his wit, his analytical gifts, his quick and sure perception of a fallacy and his extraordinary felicity in making his arguments clear by a happy metaphor. This faculty shone in his conversation. Nothing pleased him better than to fence with a foeman worthy of his steel, and in such contests he usually came out triumphant. How delightful it would have been to witness such a dialectical combat between him and Johnson, each in his generation the leading exponent of the great game, each an acknowledged oracle and accustomed to dominate the eager company that sat around. What repartees one would have heard, what scathing replies, what crushing arguments the folly of which would be immediately made plain by the adversary. Surely, like a game of chess between two equal players, it would have ended in a draw. But if not, if either were clearly worsted, I fear that the loser would not have suffered defeat with good humour, for neither could bear being worsted. But I do not think that either had ever to endure such a test of temper, for neither ever met his match.

Whately was accustomed to meet, and to bully in a manner very agreeable to himself, his inferiors not only in intellect but in ecclesiastical rank, and none of the clergy who were wont to assemble at the Palace for his five-o'clock dinners ever ventured to dispute the dicta which the great

man uttered with such magisterial authority. They laughed loudly at his jests; they applauded his decisions, and if after they left his hospitable board they mocked at his childish vanity, while their legs were under his mahogany they lauded him as the greatest living master of logic. For he was as greedy of flattery as a Roman Emperor; he never disguised it, and to be deferred to admiringly seemed to him to be the most natural thing in the world. He had a strong sense of the ludicrous, and he loved to place another person in the entertaining position of being held up to ridicule because, in an unguarded moment, he had uttered some opinion which, after the Archbishop had spoken, was plainly seen to be blatantly silly. There was in him something of the bully, and no one is more mortified by defeat than a bully. It is true that this was a rare experience for him, but it did sometimes happen that he had to suffer from a stinging and unanswerable retort from one who did not fear him. Lefanu records that one day he walked in the fields with his chaplain and another gentleman. Whately, who liked to display his knowledge of nature, picked up a fungus, and in his sententious manner said:—"It is commonly supposed that, with the exception of the mushroom, the agaric family is unwholesome, or even poisonous. This is an error. For example, this variety is quite edible. Try it, W." W. took a small bite and munched it. dutifully, taking care not to make a wry face. "Excellent, your Grace, excellent." "Try it,

Mr. ——." "Thank you," replied that gentleman, "I have a brother, a clergyman, but he is in the Diocese of Meath."

Whately had, indeed, an insatiable appetite for praise, but, as Tennyson says, "Face-flatterers and back-biters are the same," and even in the days of the Psalmist, "with the flatterers were busy mockers." I am afraid that if his clergy sought, like the courtiers of Louis XIV., to gain his favour by slavish adulation, they made up for it afterwards by unseemly jests about those foibles of which they were well aware. Nor did the flattery always succeed. It is related that before he was to preach in one of the city churches, the Rector went to the expense of having a complete set of his works handsomely bound, and these he laid in a conspicuous place on the Vestry table. To his intense chagrin, and I need not say to the delight of his brother clergy when the story went round, the Archbishop either failed to notice, or at least affected not to see them.

Whately's manners were not all that could be desired. They were, indeed, often brusque and rude in the extreme. But this arose, not from pleasure in hurting people's feelings, but from shyness or from pre-occupation. He would often affront the proud and make the timid very uncomfortable by his lack of courtesy. But this he did not perceive; had he done so it would have pained him, for he was really a kind-hearted man. It is told of him that one Sunday morning, in St. Stephen's Church, the Curate was reading the

Second Lesson, which happened to be the 16th chapter of the Romans, a chapter full of pitfalls for the unwary, and pronounced several of the names incorrectly. The Archbishop listened intently, and whenever he heard a false quantity he gave a jump in his seat as from a pang of pain, which, no doubt, kind friends afterwards duly reported to the unfortunate fellow. Yet if that man were afterwards in need, the Archbishop would help him in the kindest and most generous way. Indeed generosity was a salient feature of his character, and his alms were bestowed wisely and courageously, for he never did anything to court popularity. When an old man, he said: "I must have given away £70,000 in my life, and I thank God that I never gave a beggar a penny." Once he was surrounded by a crowd of beggars who then swarmed in Dublin, and who made piteous appeals to his charity. "I am going to give each of you," said he—and their faces lit up with expectation—"exactly the same that I always give." Then, after a pause, "and that is nothing." To a woman who said, with the beggar's whine, "Give us a penny for the love of God to get a cup of tay," he said: "I never give to anyone in the street." Instantly came the question, "An' where would your Grace wish me to wait on you?"

As illustrating his quickness of wit another story is told. He went to St. Stephen's Church on a wet week-day evening to preach a Lenten sermon. In the vestry the curate peeped into the

church and then said, "I fear there will be but a small congregation this evening." "Why," said Whately, "should a Lent preacher expect to have no one at all?" "I do not know, your Grace." "Because he is a loan."

Whately had not only his foibles, but his limitations. By his own confession he knew nothing of art, of architecture, nor of antiquities, nor did he desire to know. Poetry did not generally appeal to him, though he greatly admired some writers, Shakespeare, Scott and Crabbe. "Non omnia possumus omnes."

But he was a great man, and not only intellectually, but morally. Trench said, "Whately had a common-sense which amounted to genius." And he was a fine scholar, with an active, a keen and a powerful mind. But he was also a good man. He was ever a lover of, and a seeker after, the truth. He had a strong sense of duty. His one wish as a ruler was to do the fair and just thing, and he harboured petty spite against none. Above all, he was a true servant of God and a loving and humble follower of Jesus Christ. And his deeply-rooted faith shone out brightly in his last days of weakness, when the world was falling away from him and his hold of the Saviour's hand became tighter and his trust and hope more sure.

"Yea, there be saints who are not like the painted
And haloed figures fix'd upon the pane,
Not outwardly and visibly ensainted,
But hiding deep the lights which they contain.

The rugged gentleness, the wit whose glory
Flash'd like a sword because its edge was keen,
The fine antithesis, the flowing story,
Beneath such things the sainthood is not seen.

Till in the hours when the wan hand is lifted
To take the bread and wine, through all the mist
Of mortal weariness our eyes are gifted
To see a quiet radiance caught from Christ;

Till from the pillow of the thinker, lying
In weakness, comes the teaching then best taught;
That the true crown for any soul in dying
Is Christ not genius, and is faith not thought.

. . . . . .

By his dear Master's holiness made holy
All lights of hope upon that forehead broad,
Ye mourning thousands quit the Minster slowly,
And leave the great Archbishop with his God."

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH

Whately was succeeded by Trench, Dean of Westminster, who occupied the See for twenty-one years. I served under him when I was Curate to Archdeacon Scott, one of his most loved and trusted friends, and so came into frequent contact with him, of course at a respectful distance. He was, unlike Whately and so many of his predecessors, an Irishman by birth and by descent; but he was a scion not of the Celtic but of the Anglo-Irish stock, or indeed rather of the French, both in the paternal and in the maternal line. For while his mother was purely French, the Trench family was founded by a Frenchman who came over in the 16th century. But he had little of the Irish character. Among his many gifts was not that of humour; he could hardly taste a joke made by another, much less make one himself, and he had none of that rollicking, careless, happy-go-lucky good-nature that marks the true Irishman. Perhaps he owed this in part to his English up-bringing, for all his early years were spent in England. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he was Vicar of a Hampshire parish and Dean of Westminster, and he did not come to Ireland until he was fifty-six years old. All his friends and associates were English,

and the list of those of them who reached fame or high station in the first half of Victoria's reign would be a long one. It would include Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, John Sterling, Carlyle, Froude, Kingsley, Newman, Manning, Liddon, Wilberforce, Maurice, Sedgwick, Keble, Wordsworth, Clough, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Thackeray, Dean Stanley, Neale, Dean Church and many other distinguished names. His sympathies in the sphere of theology were entirely with the Tractarians. He was an old-fashioned High Churchman of the Keble and Liddon type, and though he was on friendly terms with Stanley, Frederick Maurice and Thomas Arnold, he felt a repulsion to the Broad Church teaching of their school.

When he came to Ireland he found himself forced to breathe an uncongenial atmosphere. The Church of Ireland was traditionally Evangelical; it counted among its worthies few High Churchmen like Laud, Cosin and Ken that had adorned the sister (or should we say, the daughter?) Church, and it had only in a very slight degree been drawn into the Tractarian current, then running strongly. Accordingly Trench, suddenly called to be one of its rulers, felt extremely uncomfortable, and was looked upon with suspicion and dislike. But his sweetness of temper, his beautiful humility, his saintliness, which though never displayed could not be concealed, and his undoubted scholarship and fine literary gifts did not fail to win for him, and more and more as

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

age came on, a respect, a reverence and even a passionate devotion such as few men have enjoyed.

His tenure of the See came at a critical time. The threatened disestablishment of the Church filled men's minds, the boat neared the rapids and needed skilful steering. The Church wanted men strong and bold and of statesmanlike quality to guide it, and for such a rôle Trench was not fitted, either by nature or by education. He might have exclaimed with Hamlet, "The times are out of joint, O curséd spite That ever I was born to set them right." And when the crisis had passed, when the Church was disendowed, when she was free to enact her own laws, to settle her doctrines and to order her forms of worship as she pleased, when the system of government by Synods was set up and a democratic Constitution established in which the laity were given equal, or nearly equal, rights with the clergy, the poor Archbishop could only groan and submit. How well Alexander, in his memorial ode, described the poignant situation:—

"Thou, when an angry spell
On clamorous hundreds fell;
Or sometimes when men pressed
Thorns to that patient breast,
Or their suspicion laid
Upon that stately head,
Slowly didst turn away
Heart-wounded from the fray,
And unto God alone
Madest majestic moan."

He hated the whole thing; he had no gifts as a popular leader; he was no Demosthenes with a fluent and impressive eloquence that would stir the hearts and quicken the pulse of multitudes; he was a halting speaker delaying for a nice choice of words and too often boring his audience. And more; he was generally on the unpopular side, and he could never feel that he had the sympathy of those who listened to him so impatiently. They would hang on the golden imagery, the flashes of magic beauty that Alexander uttered in ringing tones; they were swayed by Magee's splendid eloquence, but Trench's careful, hesitating and half audible remarks were received in stony silence, and the speaker was not thereby inspired. For, as Bacon says:—"True oratory lies in the ear of the hearers as much as in the mouth of the speaker." No wonder that the poor Archbishop was discouraged.

But his single-hearted honesty, his intense conviction, his purity of motive and the immense erudition that lay behind all he said could not fail to be recognised. And throughout the long and sometimes bitter controversies that raged for years over the revision of the Prayer Book he held his own, not cheerfully, but manfully, and if he did not win the adhesion of the Church people of Ireland to his views, at any rate he gained their respect, and in their heart of hearts they were proud of him.

Trench was a fine scholar with a vast range of

reading. One has only to glance through any of his books, "New Testament Synonyms," "Mediæval Church History," "Studies in the Gospels," his volumes on the Parables and on the Miracles, or his smaller books on the English language, the best of their kind ever written, to see this. Illustrations and quotations are gleaned from obscure sources; nothing that was ever written on the subject in hand seems to have escaped him; either he had a marvellous memory or a notebook that pigeon-holed endless multitudes of facts and opinions with extraordinary fulness and accuracy.

He was also a real poet; not a poet of surpassing genius, but one of grace and beauty, often of fire and force. Some of his sonnets and shorter pieces are perfectly exquisite, gems sparkling with light and colour. I remember his saying to me in his deep, creaking voice, "One does not secrete poetry in one's old age." But he did; his last poem, "Timoleon," was written when he was seventy-four, and it shows little token of failing powers. Its concluding lines, though put into the mouth of a heathen, seem to foreshadow his own desire:—

"and then shall wait on me
The golden tribute of a people's love.
And when my work is ended, multitudes
Apparelled all in white and crowned with flowers,
As for a great day of high festival,

Shall with large tears of sorrow and of joy
Bear me, a victor, to my funeral pyre." *

This was fulfilled at his burial in Westminster Abbey. His biographer tells how "the robes of the choir on the south side and the wreaths and crosses on the east and north sides made a white garland round the enclosed space..... 'Now the labourer's task is o'er' was sung after the coffin had been lowered into the grave. There was a pause after the Benediction, and then, as the mighty wail of the Dead March filled the cathedral aisles, the mourners laid the flowers which they carried around the tomb, and left their father to rest under the shadow of his own loved Abbey, waiting till the mortal put on immortality, till the precious seed sown in weakness be raised in power, till death be swallowed up in life, and the ineffable vision of joy and brightness and perfection, after which his soul panted on earth, be his full and everlasting portion in his Father's house, the eternal home of the redeemed."

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* Tennyson, in *The Ancient Sage,* published four years later, seems, unconsciously, no doubt, to have echoed this :—

"I hate the black negation of the bier,
And wish the dead, as happier than ourselves
And higher, having climb'd one step beyond
Our village miseries, might be borne in white
To burial or to burning, hymn'd from hence
With songs in praise of death, and crown'd with flowers!"

ARCHBISHOP PLUNKET.

ARCHBISHOP PLUNKET

When Archbishop Trench retired, through failing powers, he did so in the first instance to the House of Bishops and to the Representative Body, and then to his Diocesan Synod in a very touching and dignified letter of farewell. Dean Dickinson told me that it was he who wrote this letter, the Archbishop being wholly unable to think of anything for some time, that he imitated, with his great powers of mimickry, Trench's style, and that afterwards, when the Archbishop had recovered enough to read it, he was greatly pleased with it. The Synod thereupon elected Lord Plunket, the Bishop of Meath, to succeed him. Whately was entirely English; Trench had spent more than half his life in England, and was purely English in character. Plunket was entirely Irish. His ancestors had been settled here for centuries; he was born and bred an Irishman; he was a graduate of Dublin University; all his life had been spent in Ireland, and no one could have been inspired with a truer patriotism or a more ardent love of his country. Patriotism was one of the ruling passions of his life, and he was ever ready to raise his voice on behalf of Ireland.

I remember a notable illustration of this. While he was Archbishop a great meeting was held in

the Mansion House to express the opinion of the citizens of Dublin on a question which was then agitating the public mind, the financial relations of England and Ireland, at which I was present. Most of those in the hall were Roman Catholics. There were many Roman priests and Nationalist M.Ps., Redmond, Dillon, Healy and lesser lights of that party. The Roman Catholic Archbishop sat on one side of the Lord Mayor, Lord Plunket on the other. Eloquent and powerful speeches were made, all warmly received. But there was no doubt as to which speaker was greeted with the most cordial cheers, which made the most telling and well-reasoned address, which best held the attention of the audience and which sat down amid the most enthusiastic and rapturous applause. On that occasion, as on all others, Plunket's dignified yet gracious bearing, his beautifully clear, sonorous voice and distinct articulation enforced respectful attention, while he possessed in a high degree the orator's skill to put himself *en rapport* with his hearers, to ingratiate himself with them as Mark Antony did with the Roman populace, and to carry them with him as he developed his argument.

I remember another case. A statue to Father Mathew, the famous advocate of total abstinence, was to be unveiled in what was then known as Sackville Street. Plunket had the courage and ability to do what few Protestant bishops would, or could, have done. He came forward in the wide street before a vast multitude, chiefly Roman

Catholics, and delivered an address on their great priest and his noble work, which was punctuated by constant bursts of cheering.

These incidents show not only his remarkable powers of oratory inherited from his celebrated grandfather, but the largeness of heart and breadth of sympathy that the entire nation recognised. There was no narrowness, no trace of bigotry in him, none of the *odium theologicum* that has marred so many divines. And yet he had strong and decided opinions; he never abated one jot of principle either in politics or in religion. He never sought popularity by yielding up or suppressing that which he believed to be right and true. On the one side he fraternized with Nonconformists, and yet none was more emphatic than he in claiming, as he constantly did, that we, and we alone, form the duly constituted Church of Christ in Ireland, the Church founded by St. Patrick, with a hierarchy and clergy whose Orders are derived in unbroken succession from the Apostles and with a Scriptural and ancient Liturgy, while all other Christian bodies in the country are, in greater or less degree, schismatics, and that the true way to attain Christian unity is to join all in the old Church. On the other hand, he was always prepared to be friendly with Roman Catholics. I have met their priests at his house, and with Archbishop Walsh he was on the best of terms. And yet, who was a stronger Protestant, who was more earnest in endeavouring to win our

strayed brethren back to the true fold or to guard our own against Romish error? It will be remembered how he exposed himself to the bitter, even furious, attacks of the *Church Times* and its school by his resolute support of the Spanish reformers. Very hard words were used, language so disrespectful and insulting as to defeat its own object and excite sympathy for the line he took with such pertinacity and such imperturbable good humour. Whatever opinion men held about it, they could not but feel that his conduct of the business was a lesson to all men, and it immensely strengthened his cause. It showed the power of gentle courtesy and calm reasoning as opposed to angry and abusive epithets. He always fought fair, like the gentleman that he was, and I do not think he ever spoke a word that rankled in his adversary's heart or was betrayed by the heat of the moment into saying what he would afterwards wish to recall. It used to be said that he had no backbone, and a jest that went the rounds was that in a frequent trick which he had of putting his hand behind his back while speaking he was feeling for what was not there. But a backbone he had; I have met few men with a harder, and this was found out as time went on. His resolute persistence, his dogged determination not to be beaten in carrying out the plans on which he had set his heart, was indeed one of his most salient characteristics, and it made him a real power in the land for accomplishing good. After he was gone it was more fully recognised. Men

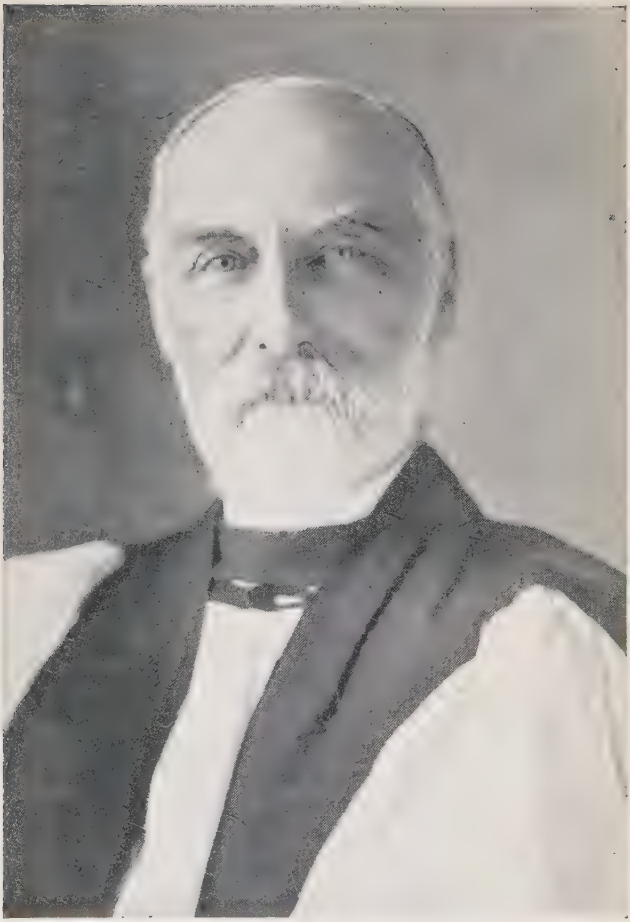
STATUE OF ARCHBISHOP PLUNKET.

recalled his stately presence, his high-bred courtesy even to the meanest, his lofty and broad-minded patriotism, his large-hearted generosity, his open-handed liberality, his unbounded hospitality and his perfect passion for incessant labour, and they felt that a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel.

Archbishop Plunket was not only admired and trusted, he was loved, and especially by his clergy. To us all his death came like a personal bereavement. Never was there a bishop more kind, more fatherly, more sympathetic, more ready to listen and to give counsel or help. He would come to my parish, would take the liveliest interest in all that was going on there, the school, any little improvements in the churches, any efforts made to help the people. He would walk round my garden, examine the shrubs with a practised eye and propose to exchange plants with me. Gardening, indeed, was his favourite hobby, and he would say, "If I were not what I am, I would have liked to be a landscape gardener." Nor was he destitute of the saving grace of humour, and his speech was often savoured with salt. I remember, when I was in Bray, I had to show him in Christ Church a beautiful glass mosaic behind the Holy Table, lately erected by the Meath family, and representing the Transfiguration. I pointed out a shamrock which the artist had introduced on the ground, presumably because it was for an Irish church. The Archbishop examined it, and then

said in his slow deliberate way, "I do not know if there are any shamrocks on Mount Hermon; I am sure there are plenty of real rocks there."

No doubt he had his failings and his limitations—who has not? He was not a deeply read scholar like his predecessors; whether he was a man of affairs I cannot say, for I never sat with him at Councils, though I should imagine that he was not deficient in dealing with the complex business of a diocese. But he was a great man, with the true greatness that comes, not from rank or wealth or even intellectual gifts, but from moral qualities—a high courage, the innate chivalry that forgets self, the heart full of loving-kindness, the real saintliness and the simple faith. And the world knew it, and now his statue stands next to the Parliament House in Dublin, the tall figure with the benignant face, of a patriot, a philanthropist and a true servant of God, the figure of one of whom the whole nation is justly proud.



ARCHBISHOP PEACOCKE.

ARCHBISHOP PEACOCKE

When Bishop Peacocke, who had succeeded Lord Plunket as Bishop of Meath, was elected to follow him again in Dublin, he had no easy task. For he came after one who in an unique degree had commanded the confidence and won the affection of his diocese. Men could hardly help making comparisons, and these could hardly help being unfavourable. But I do not think that from this cause he ever had a moment's uneasiness. From the first he was trusted, and as the years went on the trust deepened into love and rose into admiration. He was already well known to all, clergy and laity; he had spent most of his working life in their midst; he had been away from Dublin for the short space of three years, and by his work at St. George's and at Monkstown he had won the reputation of being one of the most successful parish priests in Ireland. Indeed pastoral work was his real *metier*; he was a clear, an edifying and an inspiring preacher, a born teacher, a most diligent and acceptable visitor and a first-rate organiser. And when he came to rule the Diocese he soon gained that loyal support of his clergy and laity that he was accustomed to expect in his parishes. He was a true Father in God, a wise, kind and sympathetic friend, and

the only criticism that I ever heard was that through over-caution he was disinclined to a definite direction, or even counsel, when his authority was appealed to or his advice sought. But he furnished a great example to all of a high, conscientious and scrupulous performance of duty; he never spared himself, and he gave no quarter to the slacker.

Indeed honesty was one of the chief notes of his character. Once he went to a church to dedicate a new reredos. "Your Grace," said the Incumbent in the vestry, "perhaps it would be as well, when you are speaking of it in your sermon, to call it a 'panelling,' as the word 'reredos' is unfamiliar to the people and might arouse their suspicions." "But," said the Archbishop, "Is it not a reredos?" "Well, no doubt it is, but it may be safer not to call it by that name." "Oh," said he, "if it is a reredos, I will call it so." He did, without apology or explanation, and the congregation, who were thoroughly satisfied of his orthodoxy, accepted it, and its name, without the least demur.

Perhaps he was at his best in Confirmations. Young people, on that solemn day, are very subdued, very receptive, very anxious to be taught how to be good. They do not want long theological disquisitions nor reasoned arguments; they want to be helped to realise the sacredness of the rite, the grace that they may expect to receive and the duties and joys and hopes that belong to that Christian life in which they are making a fresh

start. Whately had, I believe, but one Confirmation address, which he always repeated throughout his long episcopate. He considered that in it he had said what he wanted to say as clearly as he could, that he could not improve it, that boys and girls are the same everywhere, and that as on each occasion he had a new audience, there was no reason why he should not use it over and over. Trench dwelt too much upon the hard and sad side of religion. He impressed on the young people the horror of sin, and he warned them in tragic tones to beware of the dangers that would beset their path, the pitfalls, the quagmires, the subtle temptations that would lure them from the narrow way, and the Evil One like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, until they trembled, and thought that the service of God must be a terrible and perilous business indeed. Plunket was most kind and fatherly, but inclined to go on too long, and sometimes out-wearied their attention. But Peacocke was just perfect. He was encouraging; he was sympathetic, and as they gazed at his tall and dignified figure arrayed in the unfamiliar episcopal robes, and heard the clear sonorous tones in which he gave them wise counsel, and saw the light shining in his eyes and the kindly smile of his mouth, they felt that the following of Christ must be indeed a happy lot, and they inwardly registered a vow to be His faithful servants and soldiers unto their life's end. He used to give them a text, such as "Be strong and of good courage," or "Behold, I am with

you always," or "Well done, good and faithful servant," which he would ask them always to remember and keep as their life-motto. Once in my church he did not do so; I spoke to him of it and said that such a motto, given on such a solemn occasion, would never depart from their memories, but would be for ever a help and stimulus. He said that as no one had ever mentioned it to him, he imagined that it was not valued, but that he never would omit it again.

One amusing anecdote about him I may record. In August, 1897, I went to America, and among those on board the ship were several American and Canadian bishops returning from the Lambeth Conference. One was the Bishop of Albany, a handsome man with a fine figure, whom I found a very agreeable companion. He told me, with much satisfaction, that my Diocesan had created him a Duke, and laughed heartily at the recollection. The Archbishop afterwards told me the story. At the conclusion of the Conference the members were entertained at a farewell luncheon, at which the Archbishop of York proposed and the Bishop of Albany, as the senior American bishop, seconded a resolution of thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury for his able conduct of the meetings and his gracious hospitality. A note was sent round to Archbishop Peacocke asking him, as representing the Church of Ireland, our Primate being absent, to add a few words, and at a moment's notice he did so. He said that it gave him much pleasure to support the

resolution which had been so ably proposed by the Archbishop of York and seconded by the Duke of Albany. A burst of laughter from the American bishops made him conscious of his mistake. And he was afterwards told that nothing could have been more appropriate, as Albany had already excited the derision of his colleagues as being the only American bishop that wore apron and gaiters and wished to be styled "my lord." Needless to say, thenceforth he was always called "The Duke" throughout the States.

ARCHBISHOP BERNARD

Of Archbishop Bernard, with whom I worked as Archdeacon, I can write with a more intimate knowledge than I can of his predecessors. He was one of my closest and dearest friends; I knew him from his undergraduate days, and as our lives advanced and he rose, step by step, to be Fellow of Trinity College, Archbishop King's Lecturer in Divinity, Dean of St. Patrick's, Bishop of Ossory, Archbishop of Dublin and finally head of our great University, he was always the same to me—always simple, always brotherly, always ready with his bright smile and warm greeting. Indeed staunch friendship was one of his outstanding qualities, and I think the friendship of those whom he knew longest he cherished most.

I never met a better talker. With him it was not the brilliant monologue of Macaulay, which soon bores; it was really "conversation," not like a game of croquet or of billiards in which the good player makes a long break and his opponent has just to sit and watch; it was like tennis, where the ball flies back and forward. There was nothing of the egotist about Bernard, and, like Primate Alexander, another charming companion, he could listen just as well as he could talk. How

ARCHBISHOP BERNARD.

delightful he was at the table, cheerful, humourous, brimming over with anecdote and wit, drawing out everyone's powers and making them think they sparkled too. And then the happy half-hour in the library alone with him, before work was resumed. He would dilate on the political situation, on Church affairs, on the Johannine problem which for years filled his mind, and throw new light on all. He seemed to have met everyone worth knowing, and could paint the portrait of each with a few rapid strokes of the brush. Primate Davidson of Canterbury, for example, was mentioned. "He is a good man," said Bernard, "he is the kind of man that would feel uncomfortable if he had told a lie." And then, with a twinkle in his eye, "You know you could not say that of everyone."

Bernard was an excellent man of affairs. To sit under him at a Council meeting was a lesson in the difficult art of chairmanship. He infused into all who sat round the table the happy sense that they were not wasting time, but doing important work in brotherly co-operation. He knew to a nicety how long to let discussion on any point go on, rarely intervening, letting every man have his say, not closing it prematurely, lest any should be dissatisfied, not prolonging it unduly, and then at precisely the right moment he would remark rather deferentially: "Well now, the case seems to be this——." He would sum up in a few lucid words and then he would read a resolution written, while they were talking,

in the most clear and beautiful hand and perfectly expressed, which all perceived to be the correct solution of the problem and which was passed immediately. That being done, without a moment's delay he would proceed to the next business, and the meeting felt that time was not unlimited and must not be frittered away in talk by busy men.

But indeed whatever Bernard did he seemed to do perfectly. There could not be a more generally capable person. It always appeared to me that he had no special natural aptitude, but that he could exercise his great powers in any direction with equal ease. Mathematics, theology, poetry, metaphysics, history, classical and patristic literature, Biblical criticism—he mastered them all. Juvenal describes a man of many parts:—

"Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit."

or, as Dryden wrote:—

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Something like that could be said of Bernard. He professed to know nothing of flowers and to dislike machinery. Yet I suspect that this was because he had no time to turn his attention to them, for there are but twenty-four hours in the day. Every time I went to see him he had some new subject that occupied his mind. At one time it was the speech which Tennyson put into

fine verse, and which the poet supposed to have been delivered in the House of Lords in 1852. At another it was the belief alluded to in *Hamlet*, that cocks crow at midnight on Christmas Eve. Again, he would expound to me the theory of Quaternions. And when I visited him at Mentone a few months before his death, and found him weak and ill in his room, he told me that old Sir Edward Clarke, who was in the hotel, had written a Life of Disraeli, which he had lent the Provost, and which narrated that the aged statesman, in his dying hours, was heard to utter unconscious ravings in an unknown tongue. "I know what it was," said Bernard, "I am quite sure that it was part of the Hebrew Scriptures that he had learned when a child." This brought back to my memory a story told by Sir W. Hamilton in his *Metaphysics* of an illiterate German old woman who, when dying, in the same way spoke some unintelligible language, and how a Lutheran clergyman had recognised it as from the Hebrew Psalter. And then it was found that when she was a little girl, an uncle, also a clergyman, had been accustomed to pace the room when he was reciting the Psalms in Hebrew. The sound had remained in her sub-conscious mind all those years, though she had never understood one word. This confirmed Bernard's guess, and he told Sir Edward of it.

Bernard could play a good game of billiards, but though it gave him the physical exercise he needed, it did not give him the fresh air of the

country. And I remember the glee with which he told me how he had once won two games of chess against a good player, though knowing little more than the moves, because, having got soms odds, he proceeded recklessly to exchange pieces.

His mind was like a six-cylinder car of forty horse-power, which made the minds of most of those with whom he had to do seem slow and ramshackle machines. He knew this, and always expected to take the lead, and indeed it was usually accorded to him. He suffered fools, not indeed gladly, but patiently. He was forbearing with stupidity, unless it were that obstinate dulness that got in his way and hindered his plans. These were the people that Whately called "proof-proof," who will, though defeated in argument, go back to their first assertions with quiet but determined stubbornness, whom he compared to a green baize door with a weak spring, which you try in vain to keep open, but which shuts again and again with a soft, resolute *slam*. Bernard certainly was a bit of a martinet, and he would never allow his authority to be questioned or his orders disregarded. This sometimes incurred resentment, but in the end it saved trouble, just as Cromwell's massacres in Wexford and Drogheda stopped further resistance. He could be very stern when occasion required it, but never bitter or censorious. He was a born ruler, and in whatever walk of life he might have chosen to go, he would have come to the front. Had he

got into Parliament, he could hardly have failed to be Prime Minister. Had he taken to the bar, he would certainly have become Lord Chancellor. And so as a bishop he performed the functions of his office with unfailing efficiency, and when he was called to rule the Metropolitan See he brought his extraordinary powers to bear on the new work with great effect. He never had any parochial experience; yet he very soon, with his clear understanding and quick sympathy, made himself master of the difficulties and happinesses of the lives of his clergy. He was not only the scholar, with critical acumen and luminous style and careful precision and immense range of knowledge. He was also the true Father in God. And the people recognised with gratitude the warm interest which he took in their religious life as they came under the influence of his delightful personality and listened to the earnest, homely, spiritual sermons that he addressed to them from their pulpits. To see such a man, of great intellectual powers and conversant with so many fields of learning, declare himself a firm believer in the Gospel and a humble follower of Christ, must have been a wonderful strength to the faith of many. And he would visit a parish, make friends with its chief workers, greet even the humblest with unaffected cordiality and leave them inspired with love for their Church and a desire to promote the Lord's cause. Many a city or a country parson, and many a layman or laywoman, could tell a story of the sympathetic ear which he was ever ready to lend to the tale of

their difficulties and the wise and kind advice which they were sure in the end to find right.

Then the call came to take the Provostship of Trinity College, and he had to make a hard decision. I well remember that anxious time, how deeply troubled his spirit was, how earnestly he sought Divine guidance. He shrank from the change; he was reluctant to leave his work in the Diocese; his interest in the welfare of the Church was intense. The move, too, was liable to be misinterpreted, and it was misinterpreted by the censorious. The very attractions of the proffered post constituted a hindrance, for people were sure to say that he went because of the larger salary and the unique position. Ambition he certainly had—"the last infirmity of noble minds,"—but could any son of Trinity College be blamed if his heart thrilled with a just pride on being chosen to be the head of that great seat of learning. And I verily believe that in his case it was the ambition to serve, and to use the powers with which God had endowed him to the very best advantage of his country and Church. I, at least, felt that it was a call that should not be refused. The Church was a ship that had reached calm waters. Before the College lay dangerous rapids, and a strong and skilful hand was needed at the helm. There were others who could perform the duties of Archbishop with efficiency, and there were able men on the College staff, but there was no one who possessed the particular gifts required for the safeguarding of the College in the same degree as

Bernard. His long and intimate knowledge of its history, its constitution and its working, his far-seeing sagacity, the terms of friendship on which he stood, as well with those who were dropping the reins of Government in the country as with those who were taking them up, and the high confidence which he had inspired in all by his high-minded integrity, marked him as the most suitable person to be head of the College. And if it was argued that in leaving the service of the Church for that of Education he was descending to a lower level, it might be replied that all true work is work for God, that it is an error to distinguish sharply between secular and religious, and that in promoting the welfare of the College he was in truth guarding the welfare of the Church.

All who knew him thank God for his memory; he being dead yet speaketh to them. And they thank God for his gentle, peaceful passage through the dim gate and into the happy home beyond. Here he saw darkly, as in a mirror; there he sees face to face. Here he knew in part; there, in the clear light of heaven, he knows, and will know more and more, even as he is known.

Soporific Sermons

It is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles that one Sunday, during Evening Service at Troas, a young man went to sleep during the sermon, and fell out of the window with fatal results, which St. Paul, by the exercise of his miraculous power, was fortunately able to rectify. St. Luke assigns two reasons for this somnolence, first, that there were many lights in the room, which, no doubt, exhausted the oxygen in the air, and secondly, that the sermon was a long one, for it was midnight when the accident occurred. Doubtless Eutychus was a healthy young fellow who had worked in the open air all day, and it was long past his usual time for going to bed. St. Luke did not think the worse of St. Paul for discoursing at such length; on the contrary, he considered it a great proof of his zeal and his ability, as well as of the devotion of the congregation who listened to him, hour after hour, with unabated interest and rapt attention. And St. Paul did not regard the young man's fall as a warning against long sermons, for we read that after his resuscitation he talked again a long while, even till break of day. And no one appears to have thought the

fact that Eutychus yielded to the soft allurement of sleep as deserving of any blame.

Dean Swift, however, took a different view. "Of all misbehaviour," he says in a sermon on the Fall of Eutychus, "none is comparable to that of those who go to Church to sleep. Opium," he adds, "is not so stupefying to many persons as an afternoon sermon; perpetual custom has so brought it about that the words of whatever preacher become only a sort of uniform sound at a distance, than which nothing is more effectual to lull the senses. For that it is the very sound of the sermon which bindeth up their faculties is manifest from hence, because they all awake so regularly as soon as it ceaseth, and with much devotion receive the blessing." Swift contributed an article to *The Tatler* in which he describes a parishioner complaining of the Vicar, that "generally, when his Curate preaches in the afternoon, he sleeps sitting in his desk on a hassock." The Curate probably did not dare so to misbehave himself while the Vicar was preaching in the morning, but it must be remembered that since then both Vicar and people had indulged in a plentiful dinner, and the process of digestion does not tend to wakefulness.

But Cowper, later in the century, does imagine such an unlikely case. It is the Rector who drones above, the Curate who dozes below. Probably he had for once allowed the Curate to take

the morning Sermon. We find the lines in *The Task*:

> "Sweet sleep enjoys the Curate in his desk,
> The tedious Rector drawling o'er his head,
> And sweet the clerk below."

The clerk! Could we expect him, with the example of the clergy before his eyes, to resist the temptation? And if reprimanded, he had his excuse ready. "Sandy," said a Scotch minister to his beadle, "how is it that when a stranger preaches you are briskly attentive, but when your own Pastor tries to instruct you, you invariably doze?" "Deed, Sir, a can sune explain that. When ye're in the poupit yersel, a ken its a' richt, but when a stranger is here, a like to watch his doctrine a wee."

But it was not only the Church functionaries that thus yielded to the seductive influences of dinner and of lack of ventilation. It was the regular and accepted custom for the people. Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*, makes a Chinese traveller describe his experiences in England. "The Priest himself, in a drowsy tone, read over the duties of the day. 'Bless my eyes,' cried I, as I happened to look towards the door, 'what do I see? One of the worshippers fallen asleep, and actually sunk down on his cushion; is he now enjoying the benefit of a trance, or does he receive the influence of some mysterious vision?' 'Alas! alas!' replied my companion, 'no such thing, he has only had the misfortune

to eat too hearty a dinner, and finds it impossible to keep his eyes open.'" And Addison, in his inimitable picture of Sir Roger de Coverley, the typical country gentleman, describes him as landlord to the whole congregation in Church, and as such keeping them in very good order, and suffering nobody to sleep during Service but himself. "For if by chance he has been surprised with a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them." But the allusions to this prevalent habit in books of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries are very numerous. Pope propounded the query whether churches are not dormitories of the living as well as of the dead. Hogarth drew a picture entitled "The Sleeping Congregation," with a heavy parson promoting the slumbers of his flock. And Ben Jonson, a century before, extolled the efficacy of a prescription for insomnia, which was to go to church thrice a week to hear a preacher under whom no one could keep awake. We recall the story of Jamie Fraser, the half-witted looney, who sat in the front gallery wide awake while the people dozed below. The minister paused in his discourse to reprove them. "You see," said he, "even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing." To which an instant reply came in a shrill voice from the gallery: "An a hadna been an idiot a wad ha' been sleeping too."

George Eliot, in her *Scenes of Clerical Life*, tells of Mr. Fitchett, a tall fellow, once footman in the Oldinport family, but gone down in the world, who "had an irrepressible tendency to drowsiness under spiritual instruction, and in the recurrent regularity with which he dozed off until he nodded and awaked himself, looked not unlike a piece of mechanism, ingeniously contrived for measuring the length of Mr. Barton's discourse." And in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*, perhaps the most touching of all her tales, she describes the two o'clock Service in Knebley Church in the day of a former Mr. Oldinport, when the Squire and Lady Felicia Oldinport "made their way among the bows and curtsies of their dependants to a carved and canopied pew in the chancel, diffusing as they went a delicate odour of Indian roses on the unsusceptible nostrils of the congregation. The farmers' wives and children sate on the dark oaken benches, but the husbands usually chose the distinctive dignity of a stall under one of the twelve Apostles, where, when the alternation of prayer and responses had given place to the agreeable monotony of the sermon, Paterfamilias might be seen, or heard, sinking into a pleasant doze, from which he infallibly woke up at the sound of the concluding Doxology. And then they made their way back again through the miry lanes, perhaps almost as much the better for this simple weekly tribute to what they knew of good and right as many a more wakeful and critical congregation of the present day."

John Galt, in his delightful *Annals of the Parish*, the supposed journal of a quaint, simple-minded Presbyterian Minister, tells of Mr. Pittle, a man whose sermons in the warm, summer afternoon were just a perfect hushabaa, said the Provost's wife, that no mortal could hearken to without sleeping. And James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, critically observed the female countenances at such times. "As for the auld wives, they lay their big bonnetted heads on their shoulders, and fa' o'wer into a deep sleep at once, yet you'll never hear a single one of them committing a snore..... But the curiousest thing to obsairve among the lasses, when they are getting drowsy during sermon, is their een. First a glazedness comes over them, and the lids fa' down, and are lifted up at the rate of about ten in the minute. Then the puir creatures gie their heads a shake, and unwillin' to be o'ercome, try to find out the verse the Minister may be quotin', but a' in vain, for the hummin' stillness o' the kirk subdues them into sleep, and the sound o' thē preacher is in their lugs like a waterfa'."

Tennyson's famous hero, the old style Northern farmer, in his death-bed self eulogy, almost boasts:—

"An' I hallus coomed to 's chooch afore moy Sally war deäd
An' 'eard 'um a bummin' awaay loike a buzzard-clock ower moy 'ead,

An' I niver knawed what a meäned, but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to a' said an' I coomed awaäy."

I remember the late Earl of Meath, an old man 40 years ago, describing for me the family pew in St. Peter's Church in Dublin, where they attended during their winter stay in town, in the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was a square, roomy apartment, with a fire poked in cold weather to make them comfortable. The walls of this pew were decorated with sporting prints, and it was furnished with easy-chairs, in which the worshippers sat during the lessons, the prayers and the sermon. They stood for the Creed and the Psalms—they never knelt. But he did not think that anyone ever really attended to what was going on; they were satisfied that the respected Parson, with the Clerk, did everything correctly, and as they lay back in their chairs they either meditated on other matters or slumbered peacefully.

Well, things are greatly changed now, and various causes may be assigned for this. In the first place, churches are better ventilated, and people are learning the value of fresh air. In the second place, afternoon Services, following a heavy dinner, have gone out of fashion. In the third place, it is no longer thought disgraceful for a man to be a *cultor paucus et infrequens*; a great many of our nominal Church people go seldom or never to church, and as those who do go are more religious and attentive, old bad habits are

dying out. But lastly, and perhaps chiefly, both Services and sermons are shorter than they used to be, and the present tendency is to shorten them still more. In old times sermons were very long indeed; an hour-glass was a frequent ornament of a pulpit, and we read of cases where the preacher used to turn it when the sand was down, and proceed. Now, a quarter of an hour is a usual time, and often ten minutes. But furthermore, sermons are brighter, more practical and better delivered than formerly. The one indispensable quality of the old sermon was soundness; of the new sermon that it should be interesting.

Since I have enjoyed more leisure for reading, I have, among other things, been skimming through the works of Eusebius, and have found them, somewhat to my surprise, full of interest. Among them are several sermons and addresses on special occasions, which he introduces by some such words as, "a person of very moderate abilities then said." They are, in their way, very fine, but they are very long, and I doubt if he could have held his hearers' attention to the end. A vast number of the sermons and homilies of Chrysostom have come down to us, orthodox, vivid and practical, but tremendously long. But perhaps his beautiful voice and splendid oratory, and the greater patience of those times, kept the audience on the alert, and they manifested their approval by frequent bursts of applause. To less gifted preachers they were less attentive, and Origen complains that much disturbance arose

from the people busying themselves during his sermon with secular gossip. Women, he says, were especially troublesome, making such a noise with chattering about their children, their woolwork and their domestic affairs, that he was sometimes barely able to collect his thoughts.

Puritan sermons were very long. When I was a Curate in Bray a worthy parishioner presented me with a number of volumes of discourses by Puritan Divines, bound in worm-eaten calf, with the suggestion that they would be very edifying if delivered in St. Paul's Church. I calculated that none of them would occupy less than an hour, some of them nearer two. I suspect that my excellent friend did not really mean me to read them in public, but that he had a two-fold purpose in the gift, first, to provide more room on his own shelves, possibly for cheap novels, and secondly, to gain some credit for generosity. I took the opportunity of forgetting them when I moved to Malahide, and perhaps my worthy landlady improved the quiet hours of Sunday afternoons by studying them.

But, really, the Sunday sermon is a great opportunity. The people want to be helped, to be taught, to be comforted, to be uplifted, to be inspired. They want to be made feel the love of our Heavenly Father, to be made into truer and more devoted followers of Christ, to be helped to make the Holy Spirit a welcome guest in their hearts.

Let me end by quoting a few verses from

Primate Alexander's fine poem, *The Preacher's Meditation*:—

"And at times give me the trembling,
Inevitable words that none forget.
Give the living golden moments
When a thousand eyes are lit and wet,
And some pathos makes the silence
Palpitate, and grow more silent yet.

"And a thousand hearts together
Are as one, love-fused and reconciled,
And a thousand passionate natures
Hardened by the world and sin-defiled,
Look upon me for a moment,
With the soft eyes of a little child.

"So for all these thousand spirits,
Differing more than any faces do,
Christ through me may have some message
That shall be at once both old and new,
And my sinful human brethren
Through my sinful lips learn something true."

Irish Place-Names

I PROPOSE to write something generally on our place-names, but only as an introduction to the information they give us about our Church-life in olden times. It is a very fascinating and instructive subject, at least as regards ancient names of places. Modern names do not, indeed, convey much meaning. All the older towns and villages and the townlands and rivers and lakes and hills of our country have the names given to them many centuries ago, but in recent times there has been much naming of villas and of some towns, such as Swanlinbar. In the early Victorian period there was a vogue of calling them after the builder, or, very often, after his wife or mother, and the postman is familiar with such names as Killeen Terrace, or Maryville, or Janeville. Later they were called Seaview or Hillside. Then the names ceased to have any relation to fact, and fancy stepped in. Near Malahide, where I live, there are a number of houses called after foreign towns such as Cintra, Cremona, La Mancha, Mantua and Casino. Walk along the suburban roads of any of our cities, and you will see Woodthorpe, Roseneath or Eversley, some name which

the builder thought pretty, or with which he had some association.

But in ancient times naming was done in quite a different way. It was not that one person chose a name that pleased him, but that the people of the district gradually got into the habit of designating a locality or a cluster of huts by the name of the principal owner, or of some striking feature in the scenery, or by some remarkable event that occurred there, or, in later times, as we shall see, by the name of some holy man whose spiritual influence dominated the country round. And, bearing this in mind, how intensely interesting are these old names. There they are, after so many chequered centuries, on the lips of generation after generation of people who, as time went on, were ignorant of their origin and of their meaning. Yet they all *had* a meaning, and when we discover this it throws a beam of light upon those far-off ages, tells us something about the men who lived there, or the events of their time, or how the place looked then.

There is a place close to Malahide named Moldowney. It is a very ancient name. It takes us back to the days of the Firbolgs, long before the Celts came to Ireland, that is to say "downey" does. It appears that the Firbolgs, in the dim pre-historic ages, no man knoweth how long ago, landed in three places, of which Malahide was one. And the band that landed there were called the Firdowney, or the men of the deep holes, because in their tillage they had the sense to dig

deeply. There we have a little ray of light on ancient Malahide. We are told that the "Mol" was added by the Danes in later times. It meant a rapid or whirlpool, as in "maelström," and refers to the strong tidal current that flows there.

So Derby is the town of the deer, "deer" being the German "thier" or wild beast, and "by," as in "by-law," being the Danish word for a town. It is very common in Lincolnshire. Our islands were then over-run by fierce animals, and this is indicated by occasional place-names, like Feltrim, near Malahide, which means the hill of the wolves. Much country also was covered with wild scrub; so thickly wooded was it that it used to be said that a squirrel could travel from the East coast to the West, by leaping from branch to branch, without touching the ground.

There are in England many names indicating forests where they have now disappeared. The tract in Kent and Sussex now called the Weald, a word equivalent to wold or wood, was once covered with trees. Even in Iceland, now a treeless country, there are many names ending in "holt" or wood, showing that in old times it was not treeless. To return to Ireland—it is a mistake to suppose that "Kill" always means a church. There are about 3,400 places whose names contain this syllable, and Joyce estimated that in 800 of these it represents "coil," a wood. He instances the Barony of Kilmore, Co. Cork, whose forest was celebrated in the wars of Elizabeth's reign, and Kylemore, Co. Galway. There is no way of

telling by the written word whether Kilmore meant the great church or the great wood, but Joyce says that the sounds are quite distinct in Irish, and sometimes it is possible to know by documentary evidence.

Sometimes we have indications, not of forest trees, but of brake, a low thicket or jungle of briars and shrubs. This is the meaning of "money" as in Ballymoney, a frequent name in Ireland—Moneymore, Monaghan, and others. These thickets have long disappeared by the labour of forgotten men, and have given place to tilled and productive fields.

Sometimes a name tells us of some great and venerable tree, long since dead, under which old men discussed their politics and children played. One of these words is "cran," found in many names; another is "billa" or "villa." We have it in Rathvilly in Carlow, and in a place where many happy hours of my childhood were spent, Ringabella, near the entrance to Cork Harbour. Sometimes the very kind of tree is, as it were, fossilised in the name, as in Derry, Adare, Kildare and Derrynane, where "dare" meant an oak.* An idea of the prevalence of oak trees in Ireland may be gathered from the fact that no less than 1,300 names begin with "derry" in some form, and it is the termination of names innumer-

* A distinction must be made between "derry" and "dare." "Derry" is an oak grove, whereas "dare" is a solitary tree. Thus, St. Columba's Derry was a wood, not a sacred tree. On the other hand, St. Brigid's, Kildare, points to a particular tree.

able. We also find the ash, the birch, the elm, the yew, the holly, the ivy, the heather, the hawthorn and the furze entering into the names of Irish places.

And what a picture rises before the mind's eye when we know the meaning of "Dublin"—*dubh linn*, "the dark pool," which filled twice a day with the tide, and near it *Ath-cliath*, "the ford of the hurdles," on which you could cross the river at low water. Again, what a picture rises when we hear the name "Cork." Where streets and shops and slums now occupy the ground, there spread a great swampy marsh, where snipe and woodcock feared not the sportsman's gun, stretching away from both banks of the river Lee.

But if it so often happens that place-names are eloquent about the changes that successive generations of men have wrought in the appearance of the land, they still more frequently tell us of man's impotence. You go to a place whose name begins with "Knock" or "Carrig," and you are not surprised to find a hill there. Forests may be rooted out, swamps may be drained, villages may be deserted, wolves may be exterminated; but strands, plains, valleys and lakes survive; "men may come and men may go, but the brook goes on for ever," and the names they gave to places countless generations ago are the names to-day in the mouths of people who have not the slightest notion of their meaning.

We now turn to the light thrown on the religion of Ireland in Christian times by the place-names

that arose after heathenism had disappeared. There are vast numbers of names in this land that had their origin in religion—obviously these are later than those which referred to the natural features of the country, for in a land thickly populated from ancient times, the rivers, hills and valleys would have long been employed to designate localities by the inhabitants ages before St. Patrick's day. But in the fifth and succeeding centuries, as Christianity conquered heathenism, and became a strong, living force, moulding men's lives into a new fashion, and filling them with the joy and the enthusiasm that are born of new hopes, the new wine of great spiritual truths undreamt of before, all over the country churches were built, monasteries were founded, schools of learning were established, and devoted men and women, reverenced by the ignorant people and enshrined in the memory of their far-away descendants as saints, took up their abode in solitary cells or banded together in brotherhoods and became centres of Christian influence. Naturally, then, the building of a religious edifice or the residence of a highly-honoured man of God would be seized upon to designate the sacred spot. We may divide these names into two classes, those that indicate the existence of an ecclesiastical building, and those that perpetuate the name of a saint.

(1.) Many thousands of places in Ireland derive their names from some church or school or monastery that once stood there. In most cases

the very site can be identified, indeed, generally a modern church stands on the site of the ancient one, with an old graveyard attached to it. It is a noticeable fact that nearly all such names are derived from the Latin, not from the Celtic, for Latin was the ecclesiastical language in those times, indeed, the common medium of speech for the learned in all Western countries. Most of the Irish words for church ceremonies or offices are really Latin, as, for instance, "soggarth," a priest, from "sacerdos," and "easpog," a bishop, from "episcopus," from which, indeed, our word "bishop" is derived. This does not show that early Irish religion came from Rome, for, as I said, Latin was the international language used for commerce, politics and scholarship in all Western Europe. Take the word "Kill," a church, which Joyce estimated to have entered into over 2,600 place-names. It is the Latin "cella." or "kella," a cell, which Skeat derives from "celare," to hide, as in our words "conceal" and "cellar." Other etymologists derive it from a Greek word κοίλος, hollow, from which comes the Latin "coelum," the sky, the French "ciel," and our "ceiling." Anyway, whether a kill was a hiding place or a hollowed out-place, it was a very humble structure, in many cases the tiny abode of a hermit, where two or three would meet for worship, and near which a larger edifice would afterwards be built. Sometimes we can gather its mode of construction from its name, as in Kilclay or Kilclief, which means "the hurdle church."

Hurdles or wattles plastered with mud was a common mode of building in ancient Ireland, and this accounts for the fact that so few of the really old edifices have survived, even in ruins, to our time. The Venerable Bede tells us of an Irish monk named Finan who became Bishop of Lindisfarne, and who built a church there "fit for his episcopal see, not of stone, but of sawn oak, and covered with reeds, after the manner of the Scots," that is of the Irish.

We have near Bray a place called "Shankill," which is usually supposed to represent "St. John's Church." Irish scholars, however, believe that it more probably meant "the old church," I suppose because a new and better one was built in the neighbourhood. Relatively, to our own times, "new" and "old" have no meaning. The Newcastle built by the Normans on the Tyne is 800 years old, and still keeps its name; Naples, or Neapolis, is still older. Nablous, in Palestine, is twice as old, having been founded by Vespasian when he destroyed Samaria. New College is one of the oldest in Oxford, and New Palace Yard at Westminster has been so called since William Rufus built a royal house there.

Another word which denotes a place of worship is "Donagh." This is derived from "dominica," belonging to the Lord, the adjectival form of Dominus. It also signified Sunday, or the Lord's Day, as it does still in the French "dimanche" and Italian "dominica," and Archbishop Ussher thought that this was the original meaning, and

that churches were so called because their foundations were laid on a Sunday. Be that as it may, the word "donagh" or "dun" enters into a great many place-names, such as Donaghmore, Donaghadee, Donaghpatrick, and so on. There is a place inland from Swords called Dunshaughlin, that is, "the Church of St. Sechnall," who was nephew of St. Patrick. It does not follow, however, that Dun always meant a church. It still more frequently meant a hill crowned with a fort, when it is exactly equivalent to "fort," meaning "strong." It is akin to the termination "dunium," so common in old Latinized names, both in England and abroad. The "dun" in Verdun, for example, anciently Verodunium, is the same as in Dundalk, Dundrum, Downpatrick and the Glen of the Downs. It is found in "London," which was originally "Lud's Dun," or King Lud's fortified hill, now Ludgate Hill, on the summit of which stands St. Paul's Cathedral. How many Londoners know that their city has a Celtic name?

Another word for "church," found in a good many places, is "Aglish." There is a parish in Cork of this name. It comes from *ecclesia*, the Christian people *called out* of the world and afterwards the building in which they worshipped. A third word is "Temple," which was adopted at an early date. About 90 townland names begin with it, as Templemichael. A cathedral or any large important church was called Templemore; the City of Derry, for instance, used to be in the

Parish of Templemore. The word is Latin, from a Greek word, meaning "to cut," because it was a sacred enclosure, cut off from secular uses. This word is used in France to designate a Protestant place of worship.

One other name for an ecclesiastical building we may notice. It is "chapel," as in Chapelmidway. This word long puzzled etymologists. Brachet, a French authority, derives it from *capella*, a shrine in which was preserved the *capa*, or cope of St. Martin. Dean Burgon, in his amusing letters from Rome, says that capella was the hood or covering of the altar, and that the word was first applied to the arched sepulchres excavated in the walls of the Catacombs of Rome, which afterwards became places where prayer was wont to be made.

(2.) Let us now turn from the churches to the saints. In most Eastern countries it is common to find places called after the names of men who in their life were specially revered for their piety, and whose good influence was not interred with their bones. But in that respect Ireland stands pre-eminent. It was the Island of Saints, and Joyce says that in this small country no less than 10,000 places commemorate by their names either those who first founded churches there, or those to whom those churches were dedicated, or those who lived there and made the places famous. Some of these men were the first Christian Missionaries who ventured into the mountain fastnesses to tame their savage denizens. From the

village names in Ireland it would be almost possible to compile a hagiology of these sainted men, who were often canonized only by local tradition, and whose names are not always found in the pages of the Bollandists. Early Irish writers have left us ample records of a vast number of these saints, but of a still larger number we know nothing save the name, immortalised by the place. Even local tradition, that so tenaciously retains the memory of events long past, has for the most part died into silence, and though no doubt for many centuries the peasants would pass on facts, growing more and more legendary, about the deeds and character of the saint whose name was incorporated in that of their parish, I do not suppose that many of these traditions have survived to our day.

There are two words which bring to our minds two special varieties of these saints. One is Desert. The late Professor Stokes, in his interesting book on "Ireland and the Celtic Church," gives an account of the solitaries, and draws from them an argument that the ancient Irish Church drew its inspiration from Eastern rather than from Western sources. It was, indeed, a remarkable form for the religion of Christ to take. Some of these ascetics lived on grass; some wore hardly any clothes, even in winter; some secluded themselves in cells too low to stand up in and too short to lie down at length. Such a cell, as some believe, may be seen to this day in St. Doulagh's Church. Some, like St.

Doulagh, were walled up anchorites, living in indescribable filth, just kept alive by a scanty, unwholesome and irregular fare, their limbs useless through inaction, their minds vacant and semi-imbecile through long-continued idleness. But, however mistaken, they exercised a strong spiritual influence, for the surrounding people recognised that they sincerely desired two things —to escape sin and to hold communion with God. These hermits would seek some solitary place for their dwelling, free from distractions, a place deserted by men, and so the place became known as Desertserges, or Desertmartin. There are a great many townlands and parishes into the names of which this word enters, and not always recognised, as, for instance, Eastersnow in Roscommon, a name corrupted from Desertnooan, the hermitage of St. Nooan. There is still to be seen his holy well, known as Tubbernooan.

The other word to which I referred is "anchorite," and it, too, is embedded in some names. Stokes adduces one, a hill near Athlone, called Anchorsbower, which he thinks should be Anchor's boher, the anchorites' road, and certainly the old road to the Parish of Disert led over it. He tells us that the life of the anchorite, or walled up hermit, survived down to the year 1700, and that many of the cathedrals, such as Cashel and St. Canice's, Kilkenny, had anchorites attached to them.

I will conclude with a reference to two other parts of place-names which shed a light on old-

world religion in Ireland. One is contained in the name of Ballyboghil, a village between Swords and Balbriggan. We all know that *bally* means a town. It is akin to the Latin *vallum*, the stockade surrounding a fort, and to the English *wall* or *bailey*, as in the Old Bailey. But what does *boghil* mean? It is from the Latin *baculus*, a staff, whose diminutive is *bacillus*, a word which has attained notoriety in our times in an unexpected connection. Baculus or boghil came to be applied in ecclesiastical language to a crozier, or bishop's staff, and a persistent local tradition at Ballyboghil holds that for centuries St. Patrick's staff was preserved there until, I suppose, the place was raided by the Danes.

The other word is "cross," which enters into hundreds of names. In some of these it may indicate cross-roads, but in by far the greater number it commemorates the erection of a stone cross to proclaim to all and sundry the Christian Faith. One of these still stands on the side of the road, six miles from Dublin. It is at the foot of the avenue leading to St. Doulagh's Church, a relic of the steadfast religion of our rude forefathers.

Bishop Bedell

Of all the distinguished men who have occupied the Provost's chair in Trinity College, Dublin, there are few who less deserve to be forgotten than Bedell. He was a very good man; he was almost a very great man. Though he came to Ireland only at the mature age of fifty-six, yet he filled two high positions, and adorned them both; he proved himself to be the very model of what an Irish patriot ought to be; he strove with all his might for Ireland's true welfare, and he so bore himself through those miserable times—almost the most miserable in the long chain of miserable times of which Irish history consists—with such dignity, such force, such gentleness, such wisdom, such single-minded disinterestedness, that, English as he was, his death, even in the awful throes and horrors of the Rebellion of 1641, evoked an almost unparalleled expression of sorrow and respect, alike from friend and foe.

William Bedell was born in the year 1570 in the County of Essex. His father was of one of those ancient yeomen families that have always been such a strength to England. He was a pious man and a strong Protestant, an ardent supporter of the Reformation, and the religious character im-

pressed on the child remained unchanged to the end of his life. He and his elder brother John went to the school in the neighbouring town, kept by an able teacher, but extraordinarily austere and severe, so much so that John soon absolutely refused to attend. But William's love of learning overcame this discouragement, though his biographer relates that in spite of his diligence and quickness, he one day received such a blow from his choleric master that he fell down the stairs, and was so bruised in his head that the blood gushed from his ear, and in after life that ear became wholly deaf.

At the age of eleven he was sent to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. There he became a sound scholar, not only in Latin and Greek, but in Hebrew, Syriac and Arabic, and showed a remarkable aptitude for languages. His Latinity, both with tongue and pen, was fluent and elegant, and we read that whenever he set himself to acquire a new language he drew up a grammar of it for himself. At the age of twenty-three he was chosen Fellow of his College, shortly after was ordained, and began his ministerial life as Vicar of Edmundsbury, or as it is now called, Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, to which living he was presented by the College. Bishop Burnet, who wrote his life, tells us that he developed an excellent power of lucid exposition in the pulpit, so that, while his colleague made the plainest places of Scripture seem difficult, he "made the difficultest plain." Here and in another Suffolk parish

to which he was appointed in 1615 he laboured quietly for over twenty years except for the time he spent in Venice. His three biographers vie with each other in praising him as a parish clergyman. His diligence, his kindness to his parishioners, his high character and godly life were what all could understand, and his reputation for learning, which they could not, added respect to their affection.

But in the even tenor of this quiet pastoral life there was one remarkable episode. In the year 1605 Sir Henry Wotton was sent by King James to be our Ambassador at Venice, and Bedell was appointed to accompany him as chaplain. They found the Republic in a strange condition. A quarrel had arisen with the Pope, Paul V., on some question of Church discipline, and so bitter had it become that on the one hand the Pope had placed Venice under an Interdict, while on the other the Venetian Church seriously contemplated following Germany and England in renouncing the Papal authority and reorganising herself on an independent basis. The chief Venetian leader was the famous Paolo Sarpi, the historian of the Council of Trent, whom Burnet describes as "the Divine of the State, a man equally eminent for vast learning and a most consummated prudence, one of the greatest Divines and wisest men of his age." Bedell and he speedily became fast friends. Burnet says that though Paolo was naturally distrustful, and "tyed up by the strictness of that Government to a great reservedness with all people, he

yet took Bedell into his very soul and communicated to him the inwardest thoughts of his heart." From him Bedell quickly picked up the Italian language, could write and speak it freely, and before long became so proficient that he actually translated into it our Book of Common Prayer; and so well did the Venetian Divines like it that they resolved, on gaining their independence, to make it their pattern.

In the course of this controversy an amusing incident occurred. A Jesuit who came to Venice printed a book on Divinity with the extravagant and indeed blasphemous dedication, "Paulo V., Vice-Deo, Christianae Reipublicae Monarchae invictissimo et Pontificiae Omnipotentiae conservatori acerrimo." Bedell's quick mind perceived that the numerical values of the letters composing the words "Paulo V., Vice-Deo" amounted to 666, and mentioned it to his friend. Like wildfire, in the excited state of public feeling, it spread abroad. It was carried to the Duke; it was discussed in the Senate; "it was," says Burnet, "entertained almost as if it had come from Heaven, and it was publicly preached over all their Territories, that here was a certain evidence that the Pope was Antichrist." The Pope himself was alarmed, and by way of counterblast he caused it to be spread abroad that Antichrist was even then in the East, that he had been born in Babylon, of the Tribe of Dan, that he was gathering a vast army to destroy Christendom, and that all Christian princes should prepare their forces

to resist him. "This conceit," says Burnet, "choaked the other."

Never, perhaps, was any country so near to renouncing her allegiance to the Roman See without actually doing so as Venice was during Bedell's residence there. The breach between the Pope and the Republic was brought very near a crisis, the popular feeling and the opinions of the leading clergy were strongly in favour of a Reformation. King James I. was extremely anxious for it, and he had a "Premonition" prepared setting forth the evils of Papal rule and the benefits that the Church of England enjoyed through her independence, which he desired his Ambassador to present to the Senate. This, it was confidently believed, would have a great effect, and possibly it might have just supplied the force required to make the Senate take the decisive step. But Sir Henry Wotton, with his courtier-like desire to flatter his master, could not be dissuaded by Bedell from delaying until St. James's Day to deliver King James's message. Before that day arrived the Pope had yielded to the demands of the Senate, the quarrel was made up, and the prospects of Reformation in Venice were lost for ever.

In sharp contrast to Bedell's sturdy Protestantism and his zeal for the Reformation was the career of his College chum at Cambridge, or "chamber fellow" as the phrase then went, James Wadsworth. He, too, became a clergyman; he, too, was a man of parts and promise; he, too,

began his ministerial life in Suffolk, and just about the time that Bedell went to Venice, he was sent to Spain to teach the Infanta English with a view to her marriage with Charles I. But here the likeness ended. Instead of encouraging reform in Spain, Wadsworth was perverted to Romanism, and a long correspondence between him and his old friend is extant, in which the whole controversy was thrashed out.

After eight years' absence in Italy, Bedell returned to his quiet pastoral work in Suffolk. There he laboured until 1626, establishing a character for piety, integrity and learning. And so high was his reputation that in that year, although he had never been in Ireland, although he had no friends in the country, and although he had lived so retired a life and so little in the public eye, yet upon the commendation of Primate Abbot of Canterbury and Primate Ussher of Armagh, who knew him by repute, the Fellows of Trinity College sent a petition to the King to appoint him Provost on the death of Sir William Temple. The King acceded to the petition, and with much misgiving and reluctance Bedell accepted the post.

During the three years of his Provostship he carried out many and important reforms, for he found that many abuses had grown up. He was very strict in enforcing obedience to the statutes, and soon displayed great practical capacity in ruling men. He insisted on the Fellows vacating their Fellowships after seven years' standing as

Masters of Arts and taking pastoral work, and endeavoured to make them learn Irish for their greater usefulness. He caused the students to wear their gowns not only in the College precincts but in the city. He found that the Services in the Chapel were irregular and carelessly performed, and the Holy Communion had not been celebrated for years. This he rectified, and ordered that all students with the Fellows should attend and follow the Provost to church on Tuesdays. Before dinner and supper in hall every day the scholars, in turn, had to read a chapter in the Latin Bible before saying grace, and the Provost would often, from his place at the high table, offer improving comments to the diners. Once a week he catechized the students, and divided the Church Catechism into fifty-two parts, to last as a body of divinity for a year. This does not look like very extended holidays. On one occasion we read of a little trouble with one of the Professors named Joshua Hoile. Bedell, in his catechizing, expressed the opinion that the Church of Rome, though in error, was a true branch of the Catholic Church. To this Professor Hoile, being a very fervent Protestant, demurred, and being a very hot and impulsive man, he took as his text for his next sermon "Come out of her my people," and, as the chronicler says, "took occasion too plainly to glance at the Provost with somewhat more sharpness than could be well-digested." Immediately after the sermon, the Provost had a private conference with the Professor; they debated the matter

in Latin, one sizar being present, and the only remark that the Professor was ever heard to make on the interview was that the Provost was as fine a Ciceronian as he had ever discoursed with.

We shall not, I think, consider that Bedell was extravagantly paid for the services he rendered to the College when we learn that his entire stipend was £100 a year, to which was added £20 for preaching once a fortnight in Christ Church Cathedral.

Now we come to the last stage in Bedell's life. In 1629 he was consecrated Bishop for the United Dioceses of Kilmore and Ardagh, and Bishop of Kilmore he remained for twelve years, until his death.

I may quote the words in which the King signified his pleasure for his promotion to the See of Kilmore, as reflecting honour on Bedell:

"And as we were pleased by our former gracious letters to establish the said William Bedele, by our Royal Authority, in the Provostship of the said Colledge of the Blessed Trinity near Dublin, where we are informed that by his care and good government, there hath been wrought good Reformation, to our singular contentment; so we propose to continue our care of that Society, being the principal nursery of Religion and Learning in that Realm; and to recommend unto the Colledge some such person from whom we may expect the like worthy effects for their good, as we and they have found from Mr. Bedele."

If he found abuses to be reformed in the University, he found a hundred times more in the

Church. The picture he gives of the state of things in his Diocese, which we have no reason to suppose was worse than the rest of Ireland, is truly horrifying. "He found it," says Burnet, "under so many disorders, that there was scarce a sound part remaining. The revenue was wasted by excessive dilapidations, and all sacred things had been exposed to sale in so sordid a manner, that it was grown to a Proverb." The Cathedral of Ardagh was in ruins, so was the Bishop's house, and he describes the parish churches as "all in a manner ruined and unroofed and unrepaired." The stipend was barely enough to support any Bishop who would not supply himself by base means. There were but seven or eight beneficed clergy in each Diocese, who divided the parishes between them, "giving," says the Bishop, "equal attention to all, that is, none to any." Their moral standard was low. Bishop Burnet relates that an Irishman said to Bedell in open Court, "That the King's priests were as bad as the Pope's." And he adds, "These are so grossly ignorant, and so plainly scandalous, both for drunkenness and all sorts of lewdness, that this was indeed a heavy reproach."

Here was an Augean stable for Bedell to cleanse. The first abuse that he set himself to reform was that of Pluralities. He gathered his clergy and addressed them on the solemn character of their charge, and the sin of drawing pay for duties which they did not fulfil. And in order to set them a good example, he himself resigned the

See of Ardagh, though it had long been joined to Kilmore, though he had been at a heavy charge in recovering its patrimony, and though he was quite able to rule both Sees. This discourse, and still more, this example, made such an impression on the clergy that they all agreed to relinquish their Pluralities, with one exception. This surely was an extraordinary achievement and a remarkable proof of the persuasive force of Bedell's character.

The next abuse which he set himself to combat was the non-residence of the clergy in their parishes. Here great difficulties confronted him. King James, in the Plantation of Ulster after the rebellion of Tyrone, had ordered glebelands to be assigned to all the clergy, and appointed a Commission for that purpose. But the Commissioners had done their work very badly—no doubt the task was a difficult one—giving the lands in small parcels here and there, and often quite outside the parish to which they were to belong. But it seems that they had treated the Bishop in the same way, giving him a number of little scattered plots. Bedell therefore was able to do something to remedy matters by exchanging some of his land, which was, in some cases, better suited for the building of a parsonage, for the inconvenient plot assigned. He got a Commission from the Lord Lieutenant to confirm this, but with the law's usual delay, it was not fully concluded before the Rebellion broke out.

But it is impossible to reform abuses without

exciting the animosity of those who profit by them. Had Bedell let sleeping dogs lie, as his brother bishops did; had he lived the easy, *laissez-faire*, luxurious life that was so characteristic of Englishmen sent over to Irish Sees from London, he might have passed the rest of his days tranquilly and agreeably enough. But he was not built that way, and his whole episcopate was a continued storm from one quarter or another, ending in the hurricane of 1641. He drew down on him the wrath of Strafford, the Lord Lieutenant, for joining in a petition from the County Cavan for the better discipline of the soldiers quartered there. He aroused the resentment of the army of officials by stopping the extortionate fees that they had exacted from the clergy upon every possible occasion. He made an enemy of his own Dean by compelling him to vacate all his livings except one. He was a very strong Protestant, what we should now call a Low Churchman, and the Roman Catholics recognised in him an able and determined opponent. Yet amid all these foes and in all these varied controversies we read that he never once lost the natural sweetness and gentleness of his temper, never was surprised into a hasty, bitter retort; and many times he proved the Wise Man's saying to be true, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

In another way his practice was no less in sharp contrast with that of his brother bishops. He was exceedingly strict in the choice of his clergy and in their examination before ordination. This he

was accustomed to conduct in the presence of any of the diocesan clergy who chose to attend, and we read how on one occasion when he was examining Mr. Thomas Price, who had been one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College when Bedell was Provost, he questioned him for two hours, and then invited any of the clergy present to examine him further, if they thought that the Bishop had omitted any material point.

On only one more branch of Bedell's labour I shall touch, his zeal for the Irish language. I have already mentioned his exceptional linguistic faculty, and it may be interesting to refer briefly to one proof of this of a very remarkable kind. During the last forty years the world has heard a great deal about a new language called Esperanto, a wonderfully beautiful, flexible and expressive tongue, constructed on scientific principles, not with the view of superseding any existing language, but as ancillary to all. This language, as we all know, has made marvellous progress since its inception, and if it goes on as it has begun, will certainly increase not only the facilities for travel and for commerce, but the good feeling between nations. Several unsuccessful attempts were made in modern times before this successful one, but it is not generally known that in the seventeenth century the subject created much interest and engaged the attention of philosophers. The first who conceived the idea is usually supposed to have been the famous Leibnitz, and several others published theories of how it

should be carried out. But the real originator of the idea was Bedell. One of his clergy, Johnston by name, "was a man, says the biographer, "of quick parts. But they lay more to the Mechanical than to the Spiritual Architecture." Indeed Strafford gave him the oversight over the building of some great edifices that he erected at Naas and Carnew. Bedell, seeing his great ingenuity (I now quote from the memoir by his son-in-law),

"persuaded him to compose an universal character, to serve in all languages and nations; the conveniency of it being so great, and the thing being itself so feasible, seeing we have universal mathematical character ... which he undertook. My lord gave him a platform, which he observed; all the difficulty was about the syncatagoremata. He styled his book 'Wit-spell.' I have heard that some parts of it was printed, but the Rebellion prevented the finishing of it."

Bedell's linguistic bent led him, however, in a still more useful direction and to a somewhat more successful issue. Whatever we may think of the modern galvanizing of the Irish tongue into an appearance of life, there is no doubt that in an age when it really was alive, and the only living language over far the greater part of Ireland, it was unpardonable folly on the part of the ancient Church of the country to use only the language imported from the sister isle and understood by a small minority of the Irish. Bedell found that none of his clergy, being Englishmen, knew Irish, while very few of their flocks knew anything else—a state of things absolutely fatal to the

exercise of any influence, religious or otherwise. With all his might he tried to remedy this. And as a beginning he began to learn Irish himself at the age of 59, and although it was impossible that a busy man at that time of life could acquire fluency in speaking it, yet he attained such proficiency as to compose a grammar of it, the first, says Burnet, that ever was made. He had Service held in Irish every Sunday in his Cathedral, and was always present at it himself, and he got his clergy to set up schools in their parishes for the Irish-speaking children. It is often supposed that he had the New Testament and Prayer Book translated into Irish. This was not so, for that had been done already, but he had it done for the Old Testament. To this end, and by the advice of Primate Ussher, he ordained an old man named King, the best Irish scholar then alive, and gave him a small benefice, in order to do this work. Every day after dinner, King would bring him what he had done, and Bedell would compare it with the Hebrew, with the LXX., and also with Diodati's Italian translation, which he valued highly. He laid great stress on the free circulation of the Bible among the Roman Catholic Irish in their own tongue, and used to tell of a sermon which he heard an Italian priest deliver in Venice, on the text, "What is Truth?" The preacher told how after long searching he had found it out, and holding out a New Testament, he said, "Here it is in my hand." And then, with a dramatic gesture, he put it into his pocket, saying,

"But it is forbidden," by which his audience was greatly moved. Bedell himself defrayed the cost of this work, and, sad to relate, he thereby excited the anger, not only of the Roman Catholic priests, but of many of the Church clergy. Untrue tales about him were brought to Ussher, who seems to have believed them, and he was involved, through the malice of his enemies, in a costly and vexatious law suit, which he finally lost.

We now come to the last scene in Bedell's life, the Rebellion of 1641, with its massacres and butcheries, in which he died at the age of 71. On the horrors of that fearful time I cannot now dwell, they are matters of history and known to all. Old men and maidens, young men and children were slaughtered, often in cold blood, with every circumstance of cruelty that a fiendish ingenuity could invent. Burnet gives the number of victims as 200,000. A Jesuit named O'Mahony, who wrote from Portugal in 1645 to exhort his fellow-Romanists or persevere in the extermination of Irish Protestants, boasted that already 150,000 had been killed. Both of these estimates are probably gross exaggerations. But beyond doubt many thousands of lives were taken, and the fury of the insurgents was greatest in the North. The immediate result of the Rebellion was the total overthrow of the Church in Ulster. The bishops fled, some to Dublin, some to England. In the whole country two alone stood to their posts, and were taken prisoners, Webb of Limerick and Bedell of Kilmore. Extraordinary respect was

shown to Bedell in that reign of terror. Though imprisoned in his own house, he was never molested. He harboured many of the Protestant refugees, who filled his house, his outbuildings, even the church and churchyard, and who slept on straw and fed on boiled wheat. He was the only Englishman in the County of Cavan that was allowed to live in his own house, and the Irish people, with whom he was very popular, said that he was the last Englishman they would put out of the country. Finally, on his refusal to give up his guests, the rebels entered his house by force and took him and his two sons to a small semi-ruinous castle in the middle of Lough Oughter. It was a week before Christmas, the weather was bitterly cold, the prisoners had no comforts of bed or even sufficient clothes. The place was extremely damp, the water of the lake coming to within a foot of the walls. After three weeks of such hardships the old man, though released from prison and in a friend's house, sickened of an ague. Feeling his end near, he called his family together, and addressed them in beautiful and touching words, full of calm faith and joyful hope. His last words were: "Be of good cheer, be of good cheer; whether we live or die, we are the Lord's." He died on the 7th of February, 1642, and at his funeral the rebels discharged a volley as a mark of honour, and cried out "Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum." And a Roman priest was heard to exclaim, "Sit mea anima cum Bedello."

So passed away one of the truest patriots and one of the holiest saints that ever blessed our country. Trinity College may remember with pride that he was once her Provost, and each of us may well echo the pious wish of the Prophet of old and the priest at Bedell's grave, and say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, so calm, so courageous, so full of faith, and let my last end be like his!"

Ireland in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

SOMETIMES we are disposed to regard our own period, and the condition and prospects of our Church now, with feelings of discouragement, almost of despair. No doubt one can discern dark features; there is room for much improvement, and there are many things, very obvious, of which no good patriot, or good Christian, could be proud. And "far hills are blue"; one thinks of the glories of the past when Ireland was the Island of Saints, and one is prone to imagine that, since that golden age, matters have been steadily growing worse.

But Lightfoot wisely said that the best cordial for drooping spirits is the study of history. And no one can learn the conditions of our people's life in those "good old times"—their character, their religion, their comforts and pleasures—and remain a pessimist. I believe that our country, and indeed the world at large, is healthier, happier and better to-day than it ever was before, and that our own Church is more vigorous and has more hopeful prospects.

Let us look at the state of things in the 17th

and 18th centuries. What is the testimony of history and of those who visited and observed Ireland then?

Politically, the country was, for the most part, in as disturbed and disaffected state as ever it was in the 19th or 20th century. The English had, in the 12th century, been invited by the Irish to come over and govern their land, even then distracted, torn with the internecine strife of warring clans. They had entrenched themselves here, had regarded Ireland as a mere appanage of England, had ruled her with a rod of iron, had taken advantage of her dissensions and her weakness to possess themselves of her best lands, had jealously suppressed her exports in the interest of their own industries, and had forced upon an unwilling people the reformation of their Church. The method of government was harsh and unsympathetic, the whole desire of England was to wring money from the unfortunate people; they were at the mercy of grasping officials; there was no newspaper press like that of our day to ventilate public opinion or to expose the infamous jobs that were of constant occurrence; and when disorder arose, it was never properly dealt with. No wonder that the country was kept in a state of seething discontent, that there was a deep-seated disaffection, and that from time to time the people were goaded into rebellion, always sternly repressed by a superior force. The most terrible of these rebellions was in 1641. Sir John Temple, the Irish Master of the Rolls, published, in 1646,

a horrifying account of it from the English point of view. He describes the awful massacres of the English, the nameless and savage atrocities committed by the barbarous natives, the heart-rending cruelties, with every circumstance of brutal indignity, that the miserable Protestants had to endure. He is convinced that the wrongs were all on our side. He says that the natives regarded with jealousy the prosperity of those who had bought their lands, a prosperity due entirely to the industry and enterprise of those who had tilled them, erected comfortable dwellings and lived in decency and steady toil. With these he contrasts the degradation of the Roman Catholics. "They lay," he says, "nastily buried, as it were, in mire and filthiness, the ordinary sort of people bringing their cattle into their own stinking creates, and there naturally delighting to lye among them." Temple's book is, no doubt, one-sided, for he gives no hint of the grievances under which the Roman Catholics lay, nor of the provocations that gave rise to their hideous revenge. But if he does not tell the whole truth, all he does say is certainly true, for testimonies to the same effect abound all through these miserable centuries.

Such fearful outbreaks begat measures of severe repression and led to the enactment of the dreadful Penal Laws. But these were intended, not, as is often supposed, to crush Romanism or to wreak vindictive retaliation on the rebels, but to restrain the unruly element in the nation from dis-

turbing the public peace. Yet, however well meant, their effect was to produce a constant fever of political agitation, to keep the sore open and plaster it with salt and pepper, and to destroy that spirit of harmony, of common patriotism and of friendly co-operation which were so essential for the advancement and prosperity of the country.

The political situation in the 18th century was, perhaps, a shade less dark than it was in the 17th, but it was bad enough. Corruption in high places was rampant, and jobbery universal. The Irish Parliament was packed with place-hunters whose votes had been bought, and every one of them sought, not to serve his country, but to secure for himself a fat sinecure. The people had no voice whatever in the management of affairs—indeed, they were no more competent to form an opinion than children in the nursery to regulate their lives,—but those who did rule them did so harshly and cruelly, and, as was plain to all, with a single eye to their own interests. One has but to read Swift's *Drapier's Letters* to realise, on the one hand the heartless rapacity of the English Government and their entire disregard for the welfare of the unfortunate Irish, and on the other hand the deep-seated anger of the people, sometimes rising to fury and manifesting itself in outrages on innocent settlers, but always suppressed with a high hand. "But," says Lecky, "perhaps the most deplorable characteristic of the time was the complete absence of all public feeling, of all hope, of all healthy interest in public

affairs. The Irish nation had as yet known no weapon but the sword. It was broken, and they sank into the apathy of despair."

Lecky goes on to say that the commercial and industrial condition of the country was, if possible, more deplorable than the political, and was the result of English measures which for deliberate and selfish tyranny could hardly be surpassed. The English landowners became alarmed at the importation of Irish cattle, and in 1663 it was forbidden. In the same year another Act was passed not less fatal to the interests of the country, and Ireland was deprived of all trade with the British Colonies. Then the Irish took to sheep-farming, and for a time the manufacture of wool flourished. But this interfered with the English woollen industry, and in 1699 all export of wool, to England or to any other country, was prohibited, "by an Act," says Lecky, "of crushing and unprecedented severity. The effects of this measure were terrible almost beyond conception. The main industry of the country was, at a blow, completely and irretrievably annihilated. A vast population was thrown into a condition of utter destitution. Several thousands of manufacturers left the country, and carried their skill and enterprise to Germany, France and Spain. The Western and Southern districts are said to have been nearly depopulated. Emigration to America began on a large scale, and the blow was so severe that, long after, a kind of chronic famine prevailed."

Nor was the moral and social condition of the Irish people in those sad centuries brighter than the political and the industrial. Of education there was little, and that little was bad. Very few could read and write; there were hardly any schools; the one University was miserably poor and scandalously mismanaged. The people were but half civilized; a bitter feud perpetually raged between the adherents of the two religions; they could no more mix than oil and water, and the Protestants were little better than the Papists. The biographer of Philip Skelton, who was appointed Rector of Pettigo in Co. Donegal in 1750, describes the parishioners whom he found there. "They were sunk in profound ignorance. One could hardly have supposed, on viewing their manners, that they were born and bred in a Christian country." Skelton declared that they scarce knew more of the Gospel than the Indians of America, so that he felt like a Missionary sent to convert them to Christianity. He found most of them in the most abject state of starvation. In one house the people were eating boiled "prushia" weed. In another a woman with a new-born baby and a number of children round her had nothing but blood and sorrel boiled together, and the husband, who herded cattle for a farmer, secretly bled the cows for that purpose. Skelton used to go to the Pettigo markets on Mondays and buy a sack of meal for his parishioners, and to "guard it with a club, for the people of the adjacent

parishes strove to take it by force; for hunger makes people desperate."

To say that the standard of comfort was low would be grossly to understate the case. Go round the country now and you will see well-built labourers' cottages, comfortably furnished and with neat gardens before and behind. Then the people lived in small mud hovels roofed with rotten thatch, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, with hardly any furniture, and that of the rudest kind, to which pigs and hens had free access, and whose atmosphere was heavily charged with the fragrant odours that arose from the manure heap or the cess-pool outside the door. Around sported a flock of almost naked children, unwashed and untaught. And ill-health was miserably common. The food was scanty and unwholesome, the dwellings insanitary, medical skill very low, and, such as it was, seldom at hand; diseases now extinct, such as smallpox and the plague, decimated the population, poor and rich; the only remedies they knew were the fraudulent nostrums of herbalists. The country swarmed with beggars, ragged, whining and verminous, and the only form of charity open to the kind-hearted was to give them alms. Swift describes it in his day:—"It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads and the cabin doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by 3, 4 or 6 children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms."

Drunkenness, for such as could afford the indulgence, was almost universal and uncondemned, indeed it might be said that it had the seal of public approval; certainly it never entered anyone's mind that as the enemy of national goodness and weal it ought to be checked. And illicit stills, in great numbers, supplied the poisonous and maddening liquid to the poor. In the *Life af Skelton* we read:—"The private stills in the Parish of Pettigo being at that time innumerable made the whiskey cheap and plenty, which caused the people to be addicted to drunkenness, a vice among others prevalent there. At burials in particular, to which they flocked from all quarters, they drank most shamefully. It was the custom with them, as soon as the corpse was buried, to meet in a field adjacent to the churchyard and pour whiskey, like cold water, down their throats. Twenty gallons of strong spirits of whiskey have been often drunk at such a meeting. When their blood was sufficiently heated they then fell a boxing with one another, probably the near relations of the deceased, and thus cut and bruised each other most terribly. Many have been killed at such riotous meetings, either by quarrelling or whiskey."

Along with beggary and drunkenness was their natural companion, dirt. Soap was a rare commodity and the luxury of the rich, and even with them washing was not an every-day ceremony. One old lady said that she attributed the good health that she had enjoyed throughout her long

life to her invariable habit of taking a bath twice in the year, whether she required it or not. But the poorer sort had not even that. Bishop Berkeley, a keen observer, said:—"Indolence in dirt is a terrible symptom; alas! our poor Irish are wedded to dirt on principle. It is, with some of them, a maxim that the way to make children thrive is to keep them dirty. And I do verily believe that the familiarity with dirt, contracted and nourished from their infancy, is one great cause of that sloth which attends them in every stage of life." The streets of towns and villages were indescribably unclean. And Dublin was no exception. Mahaffy records that "there was some debate between the Provost and the Chancellor, whether students should be required always to wear their gowns when they went, by permission of their tutors, into Dublin. Bedell thought not, 'because the streets were very foul,' the Archbishop suggested the undignified alternative of 'taking them under their arms.'"

And what of religion? Did the old Church do her duty, boldly rebuke vice, strive to raise the moral standard of the people and set a high and pure example to them of Christian living? She did not. The Church was then like an ill-kept garden; here and there a bed with some flowers and few weeds, but for the most part a tangled wilderness of briars and thistles. Some Dioceses were better managed, or less neglected, than others; some clergymen, like him of Auburn, "allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

But, on the whole, the Church of Ireland, through these centuries, was in a very lamentable state. The spiritual life of a diocese greatly depends on the bishop, and the system of appointing bishops in Ireland was rotten to the core. They were nearly always place-hunters, many of them Englishmen with no knowledge of Ireland, whose one aim was to gain large emoluments and high position without any need to trouble themselves with work. "'Tis become a custom with us," wrote Archbishop King, "that whoever pretends to any preferment, he immediately posts away to London. We have crowds there, and I find more are going, and some have waited two years, hunting for promotion." But the more ambitious divines only fell in with the English practice. "No man," said Dr. Johnson, who was very jealous for the honour of his Church, "can now be made a bishop for his learning and piety; his only chance is his being connected with someone who has parliamentary interest." A story is told of Paley, who had to preach at some great function at St. Paul's, at a time when three Sees were vacant. The younger Pitt, who had become Prime Minister at the age of twenty-five, was among the congregation. So were a number of Deans and Archdeacons, all anxious to keep themselves in the great man's eye. Paley gave out his text. "There is a lad here"—a pause—he turned and looked at Pitt—"who hath five loaves and two fishes"—another pause and a wave of

his hand round the Cathedral—"but what are they among so many?"

But if the method of appointing bishops was bad in England, it was worse in Ireland. For in England they were, at least, of the native population, and spoke the language of the people. But in Ireland they were exotics, men who, too often by assiduous flattery of English Ministers, had got into overpaid Irish Sees. Men capable of this were not likely to be shining examples to their clergy. In truth they were, in many cases, men of evil life and notoriously bad character. Swift's bitter jest will be remembered. "Excellent and moral men had been selected upon every occasion of vacancy. But it, unfortunately, has uniformly happened that as these worthy divines crossed Hounslow Heath on their road to Ireland, to take possession of their bishoprics, they have been regularly robbed and murdered by the highwaymen frequenting that common, who seize upon their robes and patents, come over to Ireland, and are consecrated bishops in their stead."

But when these prelates had got well into their Sees, their grandeur and haughtiness were extreme. It is related—the story is of later times, but might well be true of the earlier—that one of the Down clergy had occasion to visit Bishop Mant on some business, and, whether by accident or design, arrived at his palace at the hour of luncheon. He was directed to wait in the hall until his lordship was ready to see him. He had come from a distant part of the diocese, and had

breakfasted early, and as he waited his appetite was whetted by the sight of lackeys with powdered hair, plush breeches and white stockings, carrying dishes with silver covers into the dining-room. When the Bishop had quite finished the clergyman was ushered into the library, and, the interview over, was dismissed with frigid politeness. On his way home he remembered that Mant had written a Commentary on the Pastoral Epistles, and wondered what comment he had made on the text, "A bishop should be given to hospitality." And this was what he found:—"There were few inns in those days."

An even more spicy story is told of a contemporary of Mant. When Lord Robert Loftus was Bishop of Clogher he dined one evening with his kinsman the Marquis of Ely, and the Rector of the parish was invited to meet him. This despised cleric, being rather late and hurrying up the long avenue to Ely Lodge, met the Bishop's carriage, which had deposited his lordship at the house, and asked the coachman to turn and drive him up. Having reached the drawingroom and duly made his obeisances, he incautiously told the Bishop how he had arrived, and offered his thanks for the service. The Bishop said nothing, but next day sent the carriage to Dublin to be re-upholstered! The story is probably more *ben trovato* than *vero*, but it illustrates the absurd airs of these ecclesiastical potentates throughout the period.

Many instances of evil prelates are on record; perhaps the most remarkable is that of the Earl

of Bristol, who was Bishop of Derry from 1768 to 1803. He was a man of great wealth, and splendidly lavish with his princely revenues, which he spent in building great mansions in England and Ireland. He drove round the country and through the Continent in almost regal state, and his title, to this day, gives a name to many palatial hotels abroad. But he was really a mocking and dissolute pagan; his life was unsavoury, and his habits and associates discreditable. The last thing he thought of was doing his duty as a bishop, and for twenty-five years before his death he never visited his diocese even once. The bitter denunciation of Ezekiel might have been applied to such as he:—"Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flocks? As I live, saith the Lord God, I am against the shepherds, and I will require My flock at their hand." And, under such rulers, how could one expect to find a godly, devoted and hard-working clergy, or any spiritual life in the Church?

In England, in the latter part of the 17th and the whole of the 18th century, religion was at a low ebb—that period has been called "The Great Ice Age." Puritan zeal had died away; the Royalist triumph, with its attendant orgies of vice, had made an avowed atheism fashionable, and this faded into indifference. Quiet and satisfaction reigned; the clergy were ignorant and vulgar; the educated laity were, for the most part, sceptics and scoffers; the upper classes set an

example of unbridled profligacy, and the lower orders were sunk in materialism and ignorance. Such religion as did show signs of feeble life appealed to the reason, not to the heart; it consisted of frigid arguments for the truth of Christianity; it made no attempt to stir the emotions or the affections; it roused no enthusiasm, it was like the fig-tree, with a fine show of leaves but on which fruit of good works for the glory of God and the welfare of men might be sought in vain.

Religion in Ireland was in as evil a plight. All the evidence points to the frosty deadness of winter, with no sign of even latent life—apathy, formalism, carelessness, when men were too indifferent even to disbelieve. Such records of the state of parishes as we possess are melancholy in the extreme. At the Reformation, when the great majority of the people refused to shake off the papal yoke at the bidding of England, in numberless parishes there were few, if any, to attend Divine Service, and although the Church retained the buildings, they fell into ruin. We have, for example, Archbishop Bulkeley's *Account of the Diocese of Dublin*, in 1630, and although in a few parishes like Finglas and Holmpatrick he found the church in good repair, and Divine Service regularly held, yet in the great majority, at least in the Fingal district, we read such reports as, "Church altogether ruinous," "Church out of all repair." Then in the Cromwellian Settlement churches were desecrated and destroyed in the most wholesale way. And those that remained

were treated with an irreverence that would shock us nowadays. One would imagine that the Cathedral Church of Dublin Diocese would at least have shown an example of some decency. But how does Bishop Bramhall, in a letter to Laud in 1633, describe it? "In Christ's Church, the principal church in Ireland, whither the Lord Deputy and Council repair every Sunday, the vaults, from one end of the minster to the other, are made into tippling rooms for beer, wine and tobacco, demised all to Popish recusants, and by them and others so much frequented in time of Divine Service that though there is no danger of blowing up the assembly above their heads, yet there is of poisoning them with the fumes. The table, used for the administration of the blessed Sacrament in the midst of the Choir, made an ordinary seat for maids and apprentices." Nor was there much improvements in the days of Archbishop King, seventy years later. Then we find the Chapter-house was used as a toy shop, and the Crypt was still let to tapsters and dealers in tobacco.

In the chapter on Bishop Bedell I have touched on the miserable state of Kilmore Diocese in his day. His biographer says:—"He found his Diocese under so many disorders that there was scarce a sound part remaining." And he records how the good bishop "was very sensibly touched when an *Irishman* said to him in open Court, *That the King's Priests were as bad as the Pope's Priests*. These were so grossly ignorant, and so

openly scandalous, both for drunkenness and all sorts of lewdness, that this was indeed a heavy reproach."

Perhaps I have painted too dark a picture of the religious state of Ireland in these centuries. That there were bright patches cannot be denied. There were a few able, vigorous and godly bishops, like Bedell, King of Derry and of Dublin, and Wettenhall, of Cork, who stayed at home and did their difficult duty manfully. And there were, no doubt, many pastors who, ill-paid, obscure, with no stimulus but the love of Christ and the Holy Spirit's inspiration, guarded and fed their flocks with faithfulness and devotion. And there were, here and there, lay people who were steady Church members, who read their Bibles and tried to do the will of God.

But they were exceptions. And when we now look round at our splendid Bishops, our exemplary clergy, our Synods and Councils and Vestries, at our Churchwardens and choirs and parish officials, lay people devoted to the work of Christ and His Church, at our Missionary activities, and our manifold organisations for fathers and mothers, for our young people and for our children, we may well thank God and take courage.

Some Suggestions

THERE is some fear that the reader of the foregoing chapter, if a member of the Church of Ireland, may experience a pleasurable glow of Pharisaic self-satisfaction as he reflects on the superiority of our times to those which are passed. But everything in this world is relative, and if we are better than our predecessors, we are yet far from as good as we should be. And so I desire to direct attention to certain points in which improvement is possible and very desirable. I will not touch on the political, the commercial, nor even on the social sides of our life; much might be said about these, and in none have we reached perfection. I will only, with some diffidence, make a few suggestions about our Church organisation and our people's religion which may perhaps have, at least, the effect of stirring up thought.

We have, undoubtedly, excellent bishops to guide and rule the flock. And yet can it be claimed that the method of electing them is the ideal one? The election is made by the Diocesan Synod, which consists of all the clergy of the

Diocese and with each of them two lay people chosen by the Parish Vestries. Thus the Synod is a large body—over 600 in the Dublin United Diocese—and of necessity no discussion as to the qualifications of those voted for is possible; and, as many of the lay members are quite in the dark as to the character and suitability of those who are put forward, they have to rely on popular rumours and whispered criticisms, never very accurate, and as they pass from mouth to mouth so distorted and exaggerated that they bear little relation to truth. Then the rules of procedure are so complicated that few understand them, and even the President's legal assessor is sometimes puzzled. And it has frequently happened that, after bringing up all those Synodsmen, many of them busy persons who can ill spare the time, and many from long distances, to spend the day in successive votings with long intervals of absolutely wasted time while the votes are scrutinized, the whole business has failed, and the appointment has had to be remitted to the House of Bishops. In only 29 out of 59 elections since Disestablishment have the Diocesan Synods succeeded in electing their Bishop. Now the addition of a new member to the Episcopal College is a matter of great importance to the Bishops, and one in which they should always have a voice. But under the existing system they either have no voice whatever or too much voice. Further, the choice of a new Bishop is of interest not only to the vacant Diocese, but to the whole Church, and

now the whole Church outside that particular Diocese is given no say in the matter.

I venture to suggest a plan which would meet all these objections. Let a Board of Episcopal Nomination be formed, consisting of the Archbishop of the Province and two Bishops appointed *ad hoc* by the House of Bishops, three clergymen and three laymen elected by the General Synod, and three clergymen and three laymen elected by the Synod of the vacant See. These fifteen men could meet in a room with closed doors, where free discussion could take place. All the interests concerned would be represented, and *there would never be a failure.*

Possibly, too, some change might advantageously be made in the appointment of Incumbents to our parishes. The present system, on the whole, works well, but it sometimes happens that a clergyman is too long in a parish and gets stale, or perhaps has some difficulty with his people, and, being out of sympathy with them, his influence for good is impaired. Then it appears that another parson in the same or in another Diocese is in the same plight, and neither is willing to resign, with the risk of being left out in the cold. In such a case the Bishop, or the two Bishops, might be empowered to arrange an exchange, after consultation with the parishioners, and both parsons would, at least, make a fresh start.

The supply of candidates for the ministry has, for some time, been giving cause for grave anxiety. One might assign many reasons for this disinclination of young men to enter the highest and holiest of all professions. It is not peculiar to our Communion; I do not know if it is at all felt in the Roman Catholic Church, but it is very marked in Nonconformist bodies both here and in England. One is glad to know that the number of divinity students in Trinity College is increasing, and, of course, owing to amalgamation of parishes and the greatly diminished roll of Curates-assistant, the requisite number of Ordinands is not nearly as great as in former times. Still, the supply is short, and this at a time when "all the gates are thronged with suitors," when there are ten applicants for every secular post, and when lads of energy are going in their thousands to plant tea and run ranches in the uttermost parts of the earth. Our bishops and clergy might do much to turn the thoughts of young fellows at the opening of life towards the ministry, and begin with their own families. The Rectories, in old times, were looked on as one of the chief sources of supply; now that source seems to have dried up, and neither in palace nor in parsonage do we expect to find our future clergy. And it is not only the home service, but also the foreign, that needs recruits. I would suggest that both privately and in the pulpit boys and girls should be encouraged to dedicate their lives to the service of Christ in Missions to the

heathen or in our Colonies, and to regard it as the most enviable, the most honourable and the happiest vocation to which they could be called.

This is one of the subjects to which our bishops might call attention in addressing their flocks. In the Roman Catholic Church the bishops adopt an admirable plan. At the beginning of Lent they address Pastorals to their people, which are read in every church in the Diocese on the First Sunday in Lent, instead of a sermon, and in these they offer such advice and such warnings as they think to be most needful. The only approach to this in our Church is when the Bishop addresses his Diocesan Synod. That does not answer the same purpose. These addresses, as a rule, deal with the affairs of the Diocese or of the Church, or of the world at large. What is wanted is the heart to heart talk with the people on the things that really matter to them, the things that concern their spiritual welfare—their observance of the Lord's Day, their attendance at Public Worship, their regular Communions, their Bible study, their part in the war against our national sins, drinking, gambling, swearing, the high Christian character and example that is expected from them. These Pastorals might be read in our churches on the first Sunday of the year, if there might be hesitation about copying the Romans too closely and issuing them for Lent. They would have an immense influence in moulding the thoughts and ways of our people,

bringing them down from the high levels of deep theology and difficult finance and world movements to the every-day needs of ordinary folk—our ploughmen, our shop assistants, our nursery-maids—and they would make them feel that their Fathers-in-God really understood them, had a genuine concern for their souls and a desire to lead them, as the oriental shepherd did his sheep, into the green pastures, and to bring them to love and serve Jesus Christ.

Another way of instructing our people, too much neglected, could be done, not by the bishops, but by the clergy. It is by the wider use of pictures, and by the providing cheap, sound and interesting literature. Go into any Roman Catholic house, and you will see on the walls pictures of the Sacred Heart or of the Blessed Virgin. Instruction enters the mind very much through the eye, and religious pictures round the room act as a restraint and insensibly impress the family with the reality of religion. We, too, can have really beautiful pictures of Scripture scenes, produced by the R.T.S. and other firms, by first-rate artists, and if the young eyes were to dwell on these day by day they would never be forgotten. And in most Roman churches you will find a case containing small cheap books on religion, with a slot into which the price can be dropped. One is glad to know that this plan is beginning to be adopted in our churches also; the A.P.C.K. supplies such cases, and also stocks a

good selection of little books to fit them. It may be found that a too great familiarity with these cases in the church porch breeds, if not contempt, indifference. It may, therefore, be advisable to produce them, with a fresh set of books, only through one month of each quarter, including Lent and Holy Week.

Another matter in which there is room for improvement is the care of our churchyards. Often these are in a deplorable state of neglect, long grass, weeds, briars and thistles growing round the graves unchecked, the walks green with moss. This is a heritage from the bad old times; the parishioners have been used to it from their childhood, and regard it as part of the established order of things, never to be changed. A higher standard of how God's House and God's Acre should be kept has to be formed in the parish, and the idea has to be instilled into the people's mind—it can only be done gradually—that the graves of those who have passed to the heavenly home, and whose memory still is dear, ought to be cared for very tenderly and very lovingly. There are sometimes difficulties, for in most of our old churchyards all parishioners, including Roman Catholics, have rights of sepulture, and dislike what they may regard as interference with their graves. And in former times little care was taken, when erecting headstones, to build a proper foundation, so that many lean like the Tower of Pisa, and others have fallen down flat like the walls of

Jericho. But in most cases, with a little tact and friendliness, these difficulties may be overcome. And if it is outside the agreed work of the Sexton, a Guild of men could be formed, whose pride and pleasure it would be to keep the churchyard in well-ordered neatness or even make it beautiful with flowers.

And another legacy of the bad old times we inherit. It is the neglect of the Holy Communion. A great many, indeed the vast majority of our people, are content to join in that holy Feast twice or thrice a year. Now the Presbyterians' use is to have a quarterly Communion, and they consider that infrequency lends solemnity to the rite. And certainly their Communions are very solemn and impressive, and the addresses and observances connected with them are very edifying. But our Church tries to train her children in a somewhat different way. It is the teaching of our Prayer Book—and we believe it to be Scriptural—that the Holy Communion is a means of grace, that for the faithful communicant it is really the feeding of our souls with the very life of our Divine Lord, that it brings us closer to Him than any other means of approach, and that, therefore, if our spiritual nature is to be nourished, we should follow the practice of the Apostles and the primitive Church and partake of the Lord's Body and Blood on every Lord's Day, and make it the great central act of worship. Our bishops and clergy should never rest satisfied until every

confirmed person does this. It may be objected that if all communicated on every Sunday the Services in large parishes would be inordinately long. And so it would be if the words of administration were said, as at present, to each. But that is not essential; our Lord did not do it at the institution, and if they were said to each railful, or even to the entire congregation at once, the time occupied would not be unduly prolonged. It may be feared, however, that it will be long before there is necessity for that, except on the Great Festivals.

There are, no doubt, many other directions in which religious improvement is possible. God forbid that we should imagine that we are perfect. God forbid that our hearts and consciences should be deadened by that dreadful spirit of self-satisfaction which kills all progress. The ascent of a mountain is always slow and difficult, and if we sit down and look superciliously on the plain below, we shall never get higher.

"Let no man think that sudden in a minute
All is accomplished and the work is done;
Though with thine earliest dawn thou should'st begin it,
Scarce were it ended with the setting sun."

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